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Embellished with,

I. SPANIELS, *the Property of* J. COTES, *Esq. M. P.*
II. WOLVES, *an Etching.*

SPANIELS,

The Property of John Cotes, Esq. M. P. of Woodcote, Shropshire.

Painted by W. Smith, and engraved by Mr. J. Scott.

THE following are the only particulars received of the dogs delineated in the plate here given:

Busy, the dog asleep, was bred at Hagley, the seat of Lord Littleton, and has the singular quality of frequently standing at her game like a pointer.—Rover, who is sitting, was bred at Trentham, the seat of the Marquis of Stafford, and is a well-bred and sure spaniel.—Trudge, is a great favourite with the lady and her children, and is admitted into the parlour parties more frequently than his fellows, though he is a good dog at a pheasant or partridge.

ON THE SIBILLATION OF RACING GROOMS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

EVERY person who has been in a stable of race horses, when they are stripped, and the grooms dressing them with the currycomb and brush, must inevitably have noticed that sibillation or hissing, proceeding from the mouth of each

 groom,

groom, like the quenching of a red hot horse shoe, resounding in full chorus, from one end of the stable to the other. The same is observable also in hunting stables, and indeed, to proceed from most men, whilst they are dressing a horse, but never in so loud and regular a strain, as from the thorough bred racing groom. It is a curious, and too often a melancholy consideration, how things pass on currently in life, without notice or examination, which are kept down by the leaden weight of established custom. The present, however, belongs to the laughable cases. Accustomed all my life to this sis—sis—ss—i—ss, it never struck me in any other view, than that I found, when I took it into my head to rub a horse down, which I sometimes did with a favourite, that I could not for the soul of me, *sis* so loud, or in so regular and sonorous a key as the better trained and longer winded grooms. But one day, I was suddenly led to a more intimate reflection on this most important subject, by the following circumstance:—A friend of mine bred to the sea, and utterly unacquainted with horses, accompanied me into a racing stable at Epsom, where, after his admiration of the beauty and delicacy of the race horses, and of the very precise order in which they were kept, nothing attracted him more forcibly, than the sissing of the boys, whilst currying and brushing, which he seemed inclined to compare to the seaman's singing out his heaving of the lead. He said, he had no doubt the custom was so strong, that take away his *sis* from the groom, and he would not be able to dress his horse with half his accustomed vigour and effect. This gentleman's remarks, stranger as he was to every thing relative to stables and horses, furnished me, who was bred up among them, with new ideas. I began to reflect, for the first time, why our grooms make such a confounded buz; and why they could not, just as well, do their work quietly and in silence; and it then easily occurred to me, that although the practice may have long been the mere result of custom and education, and that probably, few would be provided with an answer, were it demanded of them, why they do it, yet it at first, might originate in a weightier motive. What was that? Why, merely to blow from their muns and prevent their swallowing, the loose hairs and dust which they brushed off the horse.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

ST. LEGER STAKES.

BETTINGS on the St. Leger Stakes, at York, Wednesday, August 25.

4 to 1 agst Altisidora.
6 to 1 agst Prime Minister.
10 to 1 agst Grimaldi colt.
14 to 1 agst Tiger.
14 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's colt.
20 to 1 agst Cameleopard.

TURKISH GAME OF DJERID.

THE following description of the Turkish Game of Djerid, we select, for the amusement of our readers, from Mr. Hobhouse's Tour in Albania, lately published:—

" The spot was crowded with Turks mounted on horses superbly caparisoned, the Musselim himself, with the chief Agas of the city, being

being among the number; several slaves, chiefly blacks, were attending on foot. Each of the riders was furnished with one or two djerids, (strait white sticks, a little thinner than an umbrella stick, less at one end than at the other, and about an ell in length), together with a thin cane, crooked at the head. The sport soon began. The horsemen, perhaps a hundred in number, galloped about in as narrow a space as possible, throwing the djerids at each other, and shouting: each man selecting an opponent who had darted his djerid, and was for the moment without a weapon, rushed furiously towards him, screaming "Olloh! Olloh!" The other fled, looking behind him, and the instant the dart was launched, either stooped downward, almost touching the ground with his head, or wheeled his horse with an inconceivable rapidity, and picking up a djerid with his cane, or taking one from a running slave, in his turn pursued the enemy, who wheeled instantly on throwing his djerid. The greatest dexterity was requisite and practised, in order to avoid the concurrence of the different parties, and to escape the random blows of the djerids, which were flying in every direction.—The chief performer was a Mameluke slave, mounted on an Arabian courser, whom I observed generally engaged with the Musselim, himself a very expert player. His djerid flew with a celerity almost sightless, perhaps for an hundred yards, and when it struck against the high back of the flying horseman's saddle, sounded through all the field. He would wheel in as small a space as would suffice for an expert skaiter; and not unfrequently he caught the flying djerids in the air, and returned them at his pursuer, before the other could have time to turn his horse.—The sport is not a little hazardous; a blow on the temple might be fatal; and several accidents have occurred, which might reasonably deter any one from exposing himself on such occasions. The late Capudan Pasha, Kutchue Hussein Pasha, cut off the head of one of his officers, who wounded him on the shoulder with a djerid. The conduct of Jussuff Pasha, twice Grand Vizier, was indeed very different: when he was Musselim of Erzeroum, a slave deprived him of his right eye by a similar accident: Jussuff, on recovering from the stupefaction of the blow, ordered the man a purse of money, with an injunction to quit the city immediately; "for," added he, "tho' I am not angry now, I know not what I may be when I come to feel the consequences of this accident."

MEASURES RECOMMENDED FOR THE PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS AT RACES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Am urged sooner than I intended, to the reconsideration of this subject, on which it was my purpose to have remained silent, until I could avail myself of the benefit of its discussion in your pages, by a fresh accident which has lately happened. A woman crossing the course, beyond the ending post, just at the coming in of the horses, and before one of them could be pulled up—the horse thrown down, and so injured, that it

it was necessary to have him shot; the woman so maimed, that she is since dead, or her life is despaired of, and the jockey violently bruised! The number of fatal accidents which have happened in this way, in the course of years, are sickening to humanity, and greatly detract, on reflection, from the ideas of pleasurable gratification to be derived from the race course. And the insane and hair-brained folly which urges people to incur the cruel risk of dashing across the course, in so perilous a moment, is only matched by the indolent apathy of those, who, although so highly interested, will not give themselves any trouble, or attempt to discover any preventive remedy.

Something should at any rate be done, and that immediately, and I beg leave to recommend the following regulations, if they have not been already put in practice, of which I am not aware, until some more efficacious may be devised, to which, perhaps, a commencement with these may lead; viz.

Let boards be put up in various parts, on the verge of the course, particularly between the distance and the ending post, and for a considerable distance beyond the latter, strictly forbidding in large and conspicuous characters, all manner of persons, whether in carriages, on horseback, or on foot, from crossing any part whatever of the course during the race, and until all the horses shall have pulled up, on pain of the severest prosecution, and action for damages to be instituted, without respect of persons, by the stewards of the course. No race-course to be without substantial railing between the distance and ending post, and in other necessary parts. A sufficient number of spirited and able men, with constables' staves, and large hand bills, to be employed during every race, in clearing the ground at starting, and warning the spectators at the run in, against presuming to cross the course.

Any corrections of, or additions to the above, will highly gratify me, who, in a course of years, having both witnessed and heard of so many dreadful accidents, the mere results of intemperate folly, have it much at heart to prevent them, and to insure as much as is possible of happiness. Mankind, in a number of respects, seem stupidly and patiently to risk the greatest dangers and miseries, which might be avoided by the discipline of a little preventive care, and by the simplest provisions, were such but correctly and perseveringly put in force; there is the jit, for what signify the wisest, and in themselves, most effectual laws, if they remain a dead letter?

The case of the race course, however, is by no means so bad, or so desperate, as that of the beautiful and level high roads of this country, to travel over, which, in stage or mail coaches, has of late years become almost or equally dangerous with taking a voyage to sea. In fact, the accidents of breaking down, upsetting, or of the horses breaking away, have been of late so numerous, that really the fair rate of betting on safety for the journey, at starting, is scarcely two to one, and every person who has property to leave, in all common discretion ought to make his or her will, previously to taking a place for a journey in a stage coach. Some of these accidents may be unavoidable, therefore to be borne with patience; but I will venture to say, that the major part of

of them, are the nefarious results of avarice, stupidity, *regular* carelessness, and affectations of risk and flash, in the drivers. Now it is neither incorrect nor paradoxical, to assert, that the really avoidable part of all these accidents might be avoided; but the pleasure of avoiding troublesome precaution, is so ecstatic, that the pains of scalping and trepanning sculls, and of the extension and counter extension of dislocated joints, and the misery of lying perpetually sleepless on the same side, and upon the rack *in prospective*, scarcely weigh a feather in the balance! Several stories are told of Frederick the Great of Prussia, who, as an infidel, took great delight in rallying any of the preachers of vital religion within his knowledge. A certain preacher at Berlin, was remarkable for warning his hearers in every sermon, of the undoubted risks they ran, of reaching a certain place at the conclusion of their course. Frederick, accustomed to amuse himself with this clergyman, would say to him, "Why, Doctor, is it not enough to take care of number one? if your congregation are so bent upon going to hell, e'en let them go; it is their own affair." A similar observation may be made to me, and probably ought, to stop my impertinent medling; for, granting I can preserve my own bones safe, by keeping out of harm's way, what is it to me, how many break their legs, their arms, or their necks, by venturing into it? Motives, however, of which I shall not boast, impel me to give cautions in this case, which is certainly lamentable, and I think the risks might be greatly reduced, by the enforcement of wholesome regulations, which surely is an object to the public, and to all individuals under the necessity of travelling in the carriages spoken of. On this head, likewise, I bespeak the sentiments of your correspondents, as well as on the other which formed the subject of my first letter, and with a similar promise on my own part.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

PUGILISM.

IT has been the custom for a few years past to amuse the men of Kent with a fight on their coast, and in the instance we are now about to record, two men, higher on the list than usually exhibit in this part, were pitted—Harry Harmer, of the Belcher School, a man of first-rate science, and Ford, whose former exhibitions have ranked him amongst the more formidable on the list.

The place of combat, was in the meadow of a Kentish yeoman, a mile to the eastward of St. Nicholas, a few miles from Margate.

At twelve the men stripped for combat, and the seconds were Joe Ward and Bristol Hall for Harmer, and T. Jones and J. Clarke for Ford.—Betting current 11 to 8 on Harmer.

Round 1. Harmer made play by slashing hits left and right, but the right only told slightly, Ford having parried the left, and returned with about the same force. They closed, and both were down. Betting got down to 5 to 4, but slack, it being evident that Harmer would not be able to plant his favourite hits on his antagonist's head, as he had formerly done with Maltby.

2. Both rallied, and some determined fighting took place, rather in

in favour of Ford, who had avoided his antagonist's right hand at coming in. In a trial of strength both fell, but Ford had the best of the round, upon the whole, and also the fall.

3. Harmer made his right handed hit on Ford's forehead, which told severely; Ford, however, bored upon him, to get to infighting, and he succeeded in doing so after other blows, but he had the worst of the round, and was thrown.—Betting as at the commencement.

4. Ford began to shew bad training. He was open mouthed and sparring for wind. Harmer, however, could not easily get at him. A tremendous right-handed blow on Ford's body was placed, and it was returned smartly on Harmer's head. Mutual advantages took place in the round, but Ford received a heavy fall.—Two to 1 on Harmer.

5. Another rally followed, commenced by Ford, who kept hitting, regardless of his own person, and execution was done on both sides, and Ford was thrown. At this time an armistice would have been acceptable to both, they having become much fatigued.

6. Ford planted a good body hit, and went down.

7. Harmer was stopped at going in to rally, and Ford had the best of hitting, but Harmer got him to the ropes with his head under his left arm, and did much fibbing execution, and Ford at last extricated himself by dropping through his hands.

8. Ford maintained this round with much bravery, but he afterwards got to his staying system of fighting. Some hard blows were exchanged on both sides, and Harmer injured his right hand by a severe blow on Ford's eye. Much bravery was displayed on both sides, but Ford at length went down by exhaustion, after having been hit to the ropes, when a trial of strength took place, and Harmer appeared fresh. He exercised his trade of a coppersmith about the kidneys of Ford, who supported himself by the ropes, held up by the left-hand of Harmer.

9. Ford summoned all his efforts in this round, but he had received much punishment in the head and body, and Harmer having got him down to the pitch where he could avail himself of superior science and strength, made considerable progress to victory in every succeeding round. Ford went down without a blow, and a mistaken clamour of foul was raised, but one leg being something longer than the other, the same accident always happens to Ford when retreating in a weak state.

10. Harmer got his antagonist against the ropes, in a situation where a hit must have ended the battle, but having so much of it, he walked off, and left him to go down of his own accord. This act of bravery and coolness was much applauded.

The fight continued thirteen other rounds, but to detail them would be to repeat that Ford had no chance, and in the 15th round he received a hit in the wind, which rendered him quite feeble after. He went down from weakness in every round, and received much additional punishment in protracting the contest.

REMARKS.

Harmer, in his fighting, resembles James Belcher, his cousin, more than any other pugilist. Like him, he has a happy knack of bobbing his head on one side to avoid

avoid a blow, as exemplified many times in this combat. Besides, although more than Ford's weight, under 12st. he has the gift of hitting as quick and as hard as any pugilist of the day, and his length enabled him to stand over his antagonist. The only plan Ford had to follow, was to get in and fight, and when he was enabled to do so he had the best of it. Ford is yet a difficult man to get at, and his bravery and bottom are alike proverbial. He is improved in fighting, but his condition was evidently bad in the third round. He sustained most injury in body hits. He was bled on the ground. The combat lasted thirty-five minutes, and the winner received thirty-five guineas.

GREGSON'S MAN AND JOE WARD'S IRISHMAN.

Two candidates for pugilistic fame were afterwards ushered into the ring by the above distinction, to fight for another subscription purse. Painter, Gregson's man, is a stout young fellow, of more than 13st. and Ward's man, Eony, last from Kilkenny, was not inaptly compared to a maypole. He is more than six feet, with a long sallow reverend visage, with body corresponding, and appearances indicated that he would cut a better figure at devouring a beef-steak than feasting off the flesh of man.

Gregson was a second to Painter, with J. Clark for his bottle-holder, and Joe Ward and Hall seconded Eony. To the astonishment of the ring, who treated the Hibernian's attempt to fight as farcical, a most courageous and sanguinary battle was fought. The Hibernian, whom no one knew, displayed science which would not disgrace a Crib, and his gift of hitting was great.—Painter, who had evidently set-to before, by some stops he made, was kept bleeding from every organ of the head from the first, which baffled sponge and cold water. He resembled a Kentish cherry, and yet his smile, through the blood, compared with the reverend mug of Pat, formed a striking and ludicrous contrast.

Nature deserted Eony after fighting forty minutes. Painter, after he won, was declared a Lancashire man by Gregson, who, although he has long been in search of a good milling countryman, had never before succeeded. He has but little knowledge of fighting, but his blows on the thin carcase of Pat, at the latter end of the battle, were very forcible on the body, and he displayed true game, and was much disfigured. A handsome collection took place for the vanquished.

After the sports of the day, a splendid cold collation was given to the principal amateurs by Mr. Curlin, a gentleman who resides near the spot.

EGHAM RACES.

THESE Races commenced Aug. 24th. At one o'clock the Princesses and the Princess Charlotte of Wales arrived, and were handed into the stand at the winning post, by the Duke of York.

The Gold Cup of 100gs. value, the surplus in specie, for all ages; the winner to be sold for 500gs. if demanded.—Four-mile heat.

Duke of York's Venture, 4 yrs 1
Mr. Forth's Lutzen, 4 yrs old.. 2
Mr.

Mr. Blake's Sprightly 3
Joe Miller and two others were not placed.

Two to 1 agst Joe Miller, 5 to 2 agst Venture, and 6 to 1 agst Lutzen.

The Sweepstakes of 15gs. did not fill.

The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Town Plate was won by Hamlet, beating Wisdom very easily. The winner walked over the second heat.

Mr. Stone's Whipthong, beat Mr. Strack's Harriet, three quarters of a mile. Any odds on the winner.

Wednesday, the famous horse Smolensko drew a company unprecedented on the course. The visitors were so eager to get a sight of him, that crowds waited at the stable door, and after the race Sir C. Bunbury desired that the company might be gratified with a full view of him. He was placed in a circle opposite the Royal Stand, for the Queen and Princesses to view, and afterwards in other parts of the course.

The first race was the Magna Charta Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Colts to carry 8st. 5lb.—The winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 5lb. extra.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Smolensko 1
Duke of York's c. by Giles, out of Venture's dam 2

Smolensko was said to have been short of work, and he was the favourite at 7 to 4 only. Goodisson, who rode him, kept up the appearance of a race with Chifney, who rode the Duke's colt, to opposite the Royal Stand, within 20 yards of the winning-post, when he slacked his reins, and Smolensko got a length in a moment, and won easy.

A Sweepstakes of 25gs. each.

Sir C. Bunbury named Dorus .. 1
Mr. Blake's Wisdom 2
D. of York's colt, by Giles, out of Venture's dam 3

The Duke's the favourite, and 2 to 1 agst Dorus.—A famous race.

The Ladies' Plate of 50l. for all ages.

Mr. Ladbroke's Hamlet.... 1 1
Mr. Blake's Sprightly 2 2
Mr. Trevanion's Lutzen.... 3 dr.

Five to 4 agst the winner.

Thursday, third and last day.—A Sweepstakes of 30gs. each 20gs. ft. for two-year-olds; colts to carry 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two-year-Olds' Course.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. by Young Whiskey, out of Scout's dam 1
Mr. Ladbroke's b. c. by Gohanna 2
D. of York's b. f. by Coriolanus, out of Rosabella 3
Ld Egremont's b. f. by Canopus 4

The Duke of York's the favourite.

The Town Plate of 50l. for all ages.——Mr. Stone's Whipthong won this Plate in four famously contested heats, the last excepted, beating Anastasia, Joan of Arc, and Popinjay. Anastasia won the first heat, and the second was a dead one. Anastasia the favourite before starting.

The ring-dropping gentry were very successful at these Races. One young farmer was swindled out of 40l. by the old trick of *pricking at loup*, and another had his pocket picked of 120l. while looking on at a scene of a similar description.

[These Races will be given at length in our next Racing Calendar.]

MR.

MR. ADAM EVE'S MATCH AGAINST TIME.

ON Wednesday, the 28th of July, a grey mare, fourteen years old, the property of Mr. Adam Eve, of Louth, Lincolnshire, for a bet of fifty guineas, ran a distance of thirty-four miles, being eighteen times round Doncaster Race Ground, in one hour fifty-one minutes and ten seconds, and performed it with great ease. The following statement will shew the time occupied in going each round:

	Min.	Sec.
1st Round............	6	40
2d Do...............	6	30
3d Do...............	6	15
4th Do..............	5	38
5th Do..............	7	27
6th Do..............	6	10
7th Do..............	5	51
8th Do. watering included	5	39
9th Do..............	6	10
10th Do..............	6	10
11th Do..............	6	9
12th Do..............	5	51
13th Do..............	6	0
14th Do. watering included	6	28
15th Do..............	6	24
16th Do..............	5	34
17th Do. watering included	6	8
18th Do..............	6	6

Total. . 1h. 51m. 10s.

Being eight minutes and fifty seconds within the time allowed!

MORALS, MANNERS, AND AMUSEMENTS, OF THE *PEOPLE OF NEW SPAIN.*

(From Pike's Travels.)

FOR hospitality, generosity, docility, and sobriety, the people of New Spain exceed any nation perhaps on the globe: but in national energy, or patriotism, enterprize of character, and independence of soul, they are perhaps the most deficient. Yet there are men who have displayed bravery to a surprizing degree, and the Europeans who are there, cherish with delight the idea of their gallant ancestry. Their women have black eyes and hair, fine teeth, and are generally brunettes. I met but one exception to this rule at Chihuahua, of a fair lady, and she by way of distinction was called the girl with light hair. They are all inclining a little to *en bon point*, but none (or few) are elegant figures. Their dresses are generally short jackets and petticoats, and high heel shoes, without any head dress; over this they have a silk wrapper, which they always wear, and when in the presence of men affect to bring it over their faces; but as we approached the Atlantic and our frontiers, we saw several ladies who wore the gowns of our countrywomen, which they conceive to be more elegant than their ancient custom. The lower class of the men are generally dressed in broad brimmed hats, short coats, large waistcoats and small clothes, always open at the knees, owing, I suppose, to the greater freedom it gives to the limbs on horseback, a kind of leather boot or wrapper bound round the leg, somewhat in the manner of our frontier men's leggins, and gartered on. The boot is of a soft pliable leather, but not coloured. In the eastern provinces the dragoons wear over this wrapper a sort of jack-boot made of seal leather, to which are fastened the spurs by a rivet, the gaffs of which are sometimes near an inch in length. But the spurs of

of the gentlemen and officers, although clumsy to our ideas, are frequently ornamented with raised silver work on the shoulders, and the strap embroidered with silver and gold thread. They are always ready to mount their horses, on which the inhabitants of the internal provinces spend nearly half the day. This description will apply generally for the dress of all the men of the provinces for the lower class, but in the towns, amongst the more fashionable ranks, they dress after the European or United States mode, with not more distinction than we see in our cities from one six months to another. Both men and women have remarkably fine hair, and pride themselves in the display of it.

Their amusements are music, singing, dancing, and gambling; the latter is strictly prohibited, but the prohibition is not much attended to. The dance of —— is performed by one man and two women, who beat time to the music, which is soft and voluptuous, but sometimes changes to a lively gay air, whilst the dancers occasionally exhibit the most indelicate gestures. The whole of this dance impressed me with the idea of an isolated society of once civilized beings, but now degenerated into a medium state, between the improved world and the children of nature. The fandango is danced in various figures and numbers. The minuet is still danced by the superior class only; the music made use of is the guitar, violin, and singers, who in the first described dance, accompany the music with their hands and voices, having always some words adapted to the music, which are generally of such a tendency as would in the United States occasion every lady to leave the room.

Their games are cards, billiards, horse-racing, and cock-fighting, the first and last of which are carried to the most extravagant lengths, the parties losing and winning immense sums. The present commandant-general is very severe with his officers in these respects, frequently sending them to some frontier post, in confinement for months, for no other fault than having lost large sums at play.

At every town of consequence is a public walk, where the ladies and gentlemen meet and sing songs, which are always on the subject of love, or the social board. The females have fine voices, and sing in French, Italian, and Spanish, the whole company joining in the chorus. In their houses the ladies play on the guitar, and generally accompany it with their voices. They either sit down on the carpet cross-legged, or loll on a sofa. To sit upright in a chair appeared to put them to great inconvenience, and although the better class would sometimes do it on our first introduction, they soon demanded liberty to follow their old habits. In their eating and drinking they are remarkably temperate. Early in the morning you receive a dish of chocolate and a cake; at twelve you dine on several dishes of meat, fowls, and fish; after which you have a variety of confectionary, and indeed an elegant dessert: then drink a few glasses of wine, sing a few songs, and retire to take the siesta, or afternoon nap, which is done by rich and poor; and about two o'clock the windows and doors are all closed, the streets deserted, and the stillness of midnight reigns throughout. About four o'clock they rise, wash, and dress,

dress, and prepare for the dissipation of the night. About eleven o'clock some refreshments are offered, but few take any, except a little wine and water and a little candied sugar.

The Government have multiplied the difficulties for Europeans mixing with the Creoles or Mestis, to such a degree, that it is difficult for a marriage to take place. An officer wishing to marry a lady not from Europe, is obliged to acquire certificates of the purity of her descent for two hundred years back, and transmits them to the Court, when the licence will be returned; but should she be the daughter of a person of the rank of captain or upwards, this nicety vanishes, as their rank purifies the blood of the descendants.

The general subjects of the conversation of the men are women, money, and horses, which appear to be the only objects in their estimation, worthy of consideration. Having united the female sex with their money and beasts, and treated them too much after the manner of the latter, they have eradicated from their breasts every sentiment of virtue, or of ambition, to pursue the acquirements which would make them amiable companions, instructive mothers, or respectable members of society. Their whole souls, with a few exceptions, like the Turkish ladies, are taken up in music, dress, and the little blandishments of voluptuous dissipation. Finding that the men only require these as objects of gratification to the sensual passions, they have lost every idea of the feast of reason and the flow of soul which arise from the intercourse of two refined and virtuous minds, whose inmost thoughts are open to the inspection and admiration of each other, and whose refinements of sentiment heighten the pleasures of every gratification.

The beggars of the city of Mexico alone are estimated at sixty thousand souls; what must be the number through the whole kingdom? And what reason can it be owing to, that, in a country superior to any in the world for riches in gold and silver, producing all the necessaries of life, and most of its luxuries, there should be such a vast proportion of the inhabitants in want of bread and clothing? It can only be accounted for by the tyranny of the government, and the luxuries of the rich; the government striving by all the local restrictions possibly to be invented, without absolutely driving the people to desperation, to keep Spanish America dependent on Europe.

LAW CASES,

INTERESTING TO THE SPORTING WORLD.

LINCOLN ASSIZES.—*(West v. Norton and Others.)*

MR. Clarke, in his opening for the plaintiff, stated this to be an action for a violent assault committed by the defendants upon the plaintiff, which if it had not been put a stop to by the interference of other persons, might have subjected the offending parties to a charge in the other Court. The plaintiff, he said, was a painter in the town, a very little man, quite incapable of making any opposition to either of the assailants, much less to all united against him. They consisted of Mr. Thoma Norton, a draper, Mr. John George Straw, a partner in the house, and Jacob Ashton, Mr. Norton's

 groom

groom. Norton, it appeared, was very fond of the sports of the field, and a member of the Burton Hunt; and some of his sporting friends having expressed a wish to have a likeness taken of him when just going to take a leap, the plaintiff, who was a very ingenious little fellow, sketched out a likeness of him, which so tickled the fancy of Norton's friends, that they made West procure a plate of the picture, (an impression from which Mr. Clarke produced in Court); but sorry was he to have to accuse Mr. Norton of the crime of ingratitude; for though the artist had placed him on a very fine horse, cut out his dress in the neatest manner, and presented a striking likeness (though rather flattering), of this "well-known member of the Burton Hunt," yet Norton was not pleased. If Mr. West, observed Mr. Clarke, had depictured this angry fox-hunter behind the counter with a yard wand in his hand, he might have reasonably entertained some anger against his client; but when Mr. Norton was seen following Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds along with all the great people of the neighbourhood, there surely could be no reasonable ground for displeasure. Mr. Norton, who, he must inform the Jury, was a very stout, able-bodied man, meeting the plaintiff in the street one day, horse-whipped him, and then, with the assistance of Straw, baited him about, dragged him into his (Norton's) yard, and after pumping upon him for some time, horsewhipped him again; indeed, had not some bye-standers interfered, there was no knowing how far the resentment and passion of the defendants might have carried them. He should call his witnesses to substantiate these facts, and he should then be entitled to a verdict with handsome damages from their hands.

George Pinder, who lives with Mr. Norton, stated, that on the morning of the 26th of April, between eight and nine o'clock, his master gave him instructions to let him know if he saw West pass by the door: in about half an hour the witness did see the plaintiff passing by—a small man, not at all strong—and immediately went and informed Mr. Norton of it, as he had been desired to do: his master was at breakfast at the time, but got up immediately, passed through the shop into the street, and coming up with West, seized him by the collar, and dragged him through the gateway into his own yard, and putting him into the pump-trough, Straw came and pumped upon him, whilst Ashton took hold of his waistcoat to give the water a free passage.—On being cross-examined by Serjeant Vaughan, Pinder said, that Mr. Norton took no notice of the caricatures until the plates came down and were publicly exposed for sale in the windows of the print-shops: this was about April Horse-fair—and with this information, observed the learned Serjeant, who could wonder at Mr. Norton's being angry about it—the horse fair would naturally, with such an exposé in the windows, produce a horse-laugh; and it was not every body that could stand that.

Serjeant Vaughan to the witness:—"So, you saw *Miss* West conveyed to the cold bath?"—"Yes."—"You've seen ladies in gentlemen's clothes at the theatres, I suppose:—now don't you think this *Mr.* West resembled those?" "Yes, with a few exceptions."—"Did'nt you know *Mr.* West when he

he was apprenticed to a milliner?" "No, I don't recollect that."

Mr. Broughton Betts saw Mr. Norton cross the road on the 26th of April, to Mr. West, and beat and kick him, at last pulling him into his own yard, where Norton and the other defendants pumped upon him for many minutes.—West cried out several times "let me go," and "murder." After the plaintiff was pulled out of the pumping-trough, witness saw Mr. Norton give him six or seven sharp cuts with his whip.

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan commenced his address on the part of the defendants by expressing his sorrow that at such a late period (it was then past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening), and when he felt sensibly that he was weak and almost exhausted, a cause of such a nature had been brought on: he believed that his learned friend (Mr. Clarke) called it thus late, under the supposition that he should before then be run to a *dead wind*; but he had still energy enough, and inclination, he thought, to excite the risible muscles of the court—not excluding even his serious and learned friend. He was sorry to have to treat a *lady* as he should be obliged, but he would be as merciful and forbearing as he could on the delicate *female*. He should not attempt to deny that his clients had committed an assault—but he would contend that they had not assaulted *Edgar* West, (as was stated in the declaration), though they had *Miss Elizabeth* West; he should produce the register to substantiate this, and was prepared with the *accoucheur* also to satisfy his Lordship and the Jury. [Here Baron Thompson interfered, saying that if this evidence were produced, it would not avail the Serjeant's case; and besides it would naturally involve explanations not proper for the Court to hear.] Mr. Serjeant Vaughan said he should certainly bow in obedience to his Lordship's suggestions—but he could assure the Jury, that whether this neutral creature went into the pumping-trough a man or not, it certainly came out a woman. He then dismissed this train of observations on the plaintiff with addressing a Spanish proverb to him—"People should not throw stones whose houses are built of glass." With respect to the nature of the caricature, it could not but be galling to the feelings of any man really fond of the diversion to which Mr. Norton was so attached—here he was seen, the hounds apparently four or five miles off, clinging to the mane of his horse, with his back set up, and turning his horse away from a gate with a bar broken down. He could not see any fun in being thus made a laughing-stock of: if the Jury gave the plaintiff 1s. damages, it was as much as *he* had a right to expect or justice required.

After a brief summing up by the Judge, the Jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, damages, 40s.

Broughton *v.* Adams.

THIS was an action of damages for disturbing a decoy. The plaintiff is a tenant of Sir Joseph Banks, and rents the Fleet decoy, which on the 8th of February last was disturbed by the defendant, (who is a young man living with his friends in the neighbourhood) firing off two guns near the house of the plaintiff, who thereby sustained serious damage. The allegations being clearly proved, the Jury gave 5l. damages.

At

At these Assizes an action was likewise tried, brought by the Master of the Bull Inn, at Market Deeping, against the Cornet of the Ness Volunteers, for the expenses of a dinner and liquors for fifty-four of the corps. The party sat down to dinner about half-past four o'clock, and mostly retired before ten. The quantity of liquors charged was as follows:—*One hundred and twenty-six bottles of port, forty-eight of sherry, sixty-four half-crown bowls of punch, and twenty of negus, besides ale and porter.*

The Jury gave a verdict in favour of the innkeeper, with only taking off sixpence per bottle on the port wine!

SURREY.—*(Russell* v. *Poulton.)*

THIS was an action upon the warranty of a horse. The plaintiff alleged that he bought a horse of the defendant, which he warranted sound, a good worker, and one that would go quiet in harness.

The breach of the contract alleged was, that he would not work in harness; but it was admitted he was quiet enough, for he would not stir, for the moment he felt the collar he stopped short and would not proceed one inch.

The witness produced to prove the warranty, however, failed in the most material circumstance, for he only proved that the defendant warranted him sound, and a good worker. On this evidence the plaintiff was nonsuited.

HERTS.—*(Hemmings* v. *Haswell.)*

This was an action to recover penalties on the Game Laws, for using an engine to destroy the game, at Berkhamstead, in this county.

The defendant was a person keeping a higler's cart, and the facts, as proved against him, were as follow:

Smith and another, two gamekeepers, found him in the middle of a field at Berkhampstead, at three o'clock in the morning. They found the gates of the field netted, and forty-five snares placed in the hedges for catching hares. They immediately seized him, and asked what he was doing there. He replied that he had quarrelled with his wife that morning, and he came out for the purpose of hanging himself; but he was in the middle of the field, not near any tree, and on searching him they found many implements for strangling hares, but nothing well calculated to strangle himself. In his pocket were found several bag nets and a hay net, all used for snaring game; but his defence was, that these nets were used by him in his trade as a higler, for confining pigs and poultry in his cart.

The Jury, not crediting this defence, found him guilty in one penalty of 5l.

At the *Nisi Prius* bar, at Salisbury Assizes, Mr. John Gooden, the younger, obtained a verdict against the proprietors of the Auxiliary Mail, to recover a compensation in damages for a serious injury sustained by the plaintiff on the 16th of June, 1812, from the overturning of that coach, of which he was an outside passenger. The coach was overturned immediately on quitting the yard of the Red Lion Inn, in Salisbury, and a compound fracture of the plaintiff's leg was occasioned by that accident. The investigation of the case employed

ployed many hours, when it seemed established that there was no gross misconduct, inattention, or want of skill on the part of the coachman; and that the justice of the case did not call for vindictive damages. It appeared that the utmost attention was rendered to the plaintiff's unfortunate situation by the proprietors and their agents, who called in the best surgical assistance, and were at all times willing to defray all reasonable expences incurred by him during the progress of his cure.

Mr. Justice Gibbs left it to the Jury to determine whether the defendants were liable for the accident, on account of the apparent heedlessness of the coachman, and the not leading the horses out of the Inn yard, which would have prevented it: and it was agreed that if the Jury should deem the defendants liable, their verdict should pass for all such expenses as the plaintiff had reasonably incurred, which were to be ascertained by a reference.

The Jury, under the direction of the Judge, were of that opinion, and found a verdict accordingly.

Mr. Maule, to whom the case was submitted, has since assessed the damages at 600l.

Essex.—(*The King* v. *Giffin.*)

This was an indictment against the defendant, one of the keepers of Hainault Forest, for an assault upon a Mr. Elsee, a respectable farmer, who lived on the borders of the forest.

The statement of the case, as given by the prosecutor himself, was, that on the 24th of October he was riding on the public road in the forest, leading to Mack's gate, with a greyhound or lurcher, and a spaniel puppy running by his horse's side; that the defendant met him on the road, and asked him where he was going with those dogs; he replied the dogs were doing nothing to him, and he should not tell him. The defendant said he had no business to bring such dogs there, and that if he had a gun he would shoot them, and he should not mind shooting him also. This produced some altercation, in the course of which the defendant used the most abusive language, swearing in the most violent manner, and proceeded to ride against the prosecutor with his utmost strength, in order to dismount him, and likewise endeavouring to seize him by the collar, with a view to pull him to the ground; that in consequence of this ill-usage the prosecutor, in his own defence, struck at the defendant with his whip, with the thong doubled in his hand, by which resistance he prevented at that time any further violence from the defendant; that the defendant finding he could not prevail, quitted the prosecutor for a short time, and then returned with a large hedge-stake, which he brandished at the prosecutor, swearing most furiously that he would do for him now, and struck at him accordingly, but the blows were warded off by the butt end of Mr. Elsee's whip.

On his cross-examination by Mr. Serjeant Shepherd, he denied using any violent or abusive language to the defendant, or that he struck him, except in his own defence. It appeared, however, that he had had a dog shot on a former occasion, for chasing in the forest.

The next witness who was called corroborated in the main the testimony

timony of Mr. Elsee, but exhibited great warmth in describing the defendant's expressions and attitudes, and it appeared was under a summons to appear to a charge for illegal practices in chasing in the forest at the time this assault was alledged to have been committed.

Two other witnesses were called, one of whom stated, that the high words between the parties were pretty equal on both sides, and that there appeared little difference between the voices or abuse of either; and the other stated, that the defendant was at her house ordering a cask of small beer, when on a sudden he said, "Here comes Mr. Elsee with his dogs, I must go and ask why he comes into the forest with them."

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd commented very strongly on the evidence for the prosecution, and contended, that from the evidence of the last witness, it appeared that Giffin had encountered the prosecutor by pure accident, as he was engaged on quite different business from that of his occupation when he saw him come into the forest. That the conduct of the prosecutor, from the evidence for the Crown, appeared to be equally intemperate with that which Mr. Elsee imputed to the defendant, and that the temper with which he and the following witness had given their evidence, clearly shewed the disposition they had to colour the transaction more highly than they were warranted in doing.

The Jury, after a pause of a very few minutes, found the defendant *Not Guilty.*

SUFFOLK.—*(The King v. Sir G. Wombwell.)*

THIS was an indictment for an assault on the Rev. W. Clerke, whilst shooting upon lands in the occupation of Mr. Cockerell, lying within a manor belonging to the defendant, and for challenging him to fight.

Mr. Clerke (the prosecutor) swore, that as he was shooting on Mr. Cockerell's lands, Sir George rode up to him in a great hurry, and, after using much opprobrious language, challenged him to fight; he then got off his horse, and on Mr. Clerke's replying that his profession was not fighting, brushed him with his elbow.

On the part of the defendant, evidence was produced, tending to prove that he did not challenge the prosecutor, but only declared that he would fight him if he were not privileged by his profession; and with respect to the assault, it was also proved that the prosecutor ran against the defendant's hand, and immediately, with apparent satisfaction, exclaimed, "An assault—assault—now I have the law of you."—Verdict, *Not Guilty.*

THE VIEW HALLOO;

OR,

FOLLY IN PRAISE OF ALL THE WORLD.

MR. EDITOR,

SHOULD the following lucubration of my Muse, find insertion in the ensuing Number of your Magazine, it is my intention to follow up the same with a regular series of contributions in imitation of the stile of our satiric Butler, including a just sarcasm upon every class of individuals composing society at large, illustrated by explanatory notes, selected from various authors, both ancient

ancient and modern; awaiting, therefore, the appearance of the next number of your very entertaining publication, I beg leave to subscribe myself, Sir, &c. &c.

A SPORTSMAN OF PARNASSUS.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

Insipius esto, cum tempus postulat aut res:
Stultitiam simulare loco prudentia summa est.

Play thou the Fool when time needs such a guise,
Folly to counterfeit, becomes the *Wise*.

As sage *Erasmus** heretofore,
Penn'd Folly's praise to please *Tom More*,
A theme well fraught to salve the itches,
And mend the flaws in mankind's breeches;
Why should not I the task renew,
Since men keep Folly still in view,
And make 'em pawn their shreds of sense,
To please her ass-ear'd reverence?
O! Butler, wou'd that I might boast
Thy wit, a *Pater Noster* Ghost;
Not from the father of all evils,
But sent abroad by Printers' devils;
Who, in the place of shroud, think meet
To show me off on hot-press'd sheet,
And choose, in *lieu* of linen winding,
To deck me out in gilded binding.
Dear *Butler*, teach me how to spatter
The human race with thy keen Satire;
That as the bells of folly jingle,
My lash may make the bottom tingle.
For since bright Honour lies confin'd,
In that same region plac'd *behind*;†
So *Folly*, being Sense's foe,
Leaves *palace head*,‡ for breech below;
Quits that sage daughter of the skies,
With kindred brain to pipe her eyes;
To mope alone quite melancholy,
Her regions shunn'd for realms of folly.
Yes, *Butler*, let thy sprite infuse
Some emanation of that Muse,
Which jeer'd at crook'd Rebellion's hump,
And whipp'd the *senatorial rump*;
That Parliament in whose behalf,
Knight, *Hudibras*, and *Squire Sir Ralph*,
Wou'd sputter logic and oppose
Sound sense, when need was, with hard blows;
Thee I invoke, bright soul of wit;
Oh! teach my barbed shaft to hit
The wonted goal:—for ridicule,
In praising folly, whips the fool.

Folly Speaks.

I greet ye, sons from ev'ry clime,
Attend my counsels, words sublime;
For spite of defamation's tongue,
I'm goddess still of old and young.
Though noblest subjects 'gainst me rail,
And think to soap themselves i'the tail;
Spite of them all my empire such is,
I hold 'em fast within my clutches.

No sooner mounted in my rostrum,
Each visage greets my welcome *nostrum*;
Since smiles on ev'ry front display
That I possess unrivall'd sway;
For though some churls will dubb me quack,
Yet trade with me is never slack;
So I despise the grumbling few:
Mankind, the game I keep in view;
Those millions which my lotions swallow,

* The learned Erasmus visited England in 1510, at which period he resided at the mansion of Sir Thomas More, the upright Lord Chancellor of Henry the VIIIth. During this visit, Erasmus amused himself during his leisure hours in composing his justly celebrated Praise of Folly, which has since been translated from the Latin, (in which language it was originally composed) into several other tongues, having been honoured with the eulogiums of many learned writers from that epoch to the present period.

† In addition to this part of the human frame being the depository of Honour, according to Butler; Voltaire in his *Pucelle D'Orleans*, has also applied to it a secondary trumpet of *fame*, through which he states that all ridiculous or filthy reports are disseminated.

‡ According to the mythology of the *ancients*, Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter, being produced without a mother; as Sin, in Milton's Paradise Lost, is brought forth from the head of Satan.

 And

And prove I drub my foes quite hollow.
Thus as the lesson I begin,
Your simper's turn'd to broad horse-grin,
Wrinkles and sadness disappear,
For I your patroness am here;
No longer dull, ye make a fuss,
Like subjects of *Trophonius*.*
Returning sadly forth from cave,
Since bless'd with folly's smiles ye lave;
Like Homer's Gods quite muzz'd in oceans,
Of the pure nectarean potions,
And all are stupid as must be,
Great Jove when drunk with *Nepenthe*.†
Thus seeking sport I vault my steed,
A hackney Pegasus in breed;
Not Nimrod like to scare the beast,
No *quadrupeds* my mental feast;
Since nobler game my themes inspire,
To *biped* man I tune the Lyre;
And give my mettled palfrey rein,
To scour all human nature's plain.
A field more vast than e'er was found,
By fleet and keenest scented hound;
And amply stock'd to feast the mind,
With choicest game of ev'ry kind.
Yet soft—this opening theme I'll close:
My second number shall disclose,
How *Folly*, *Wisdom*'s power defies,
And laughs to scorn the boasted *Wise*.

TIM TANTIVY.

Roary Hall, near Parnassus Puddle.

A DASH—A FRIGHT—A CRY—AND A WEDDING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

NOW, Mr. Editor, I am willing to acknowledge, that very frequently, currencies of this kind are coined expressly for the purpose, and the gentle reader humbugged into the belief, probably the admiration, of pretended occurrences, which never existed but in the labouring brain of the writer, whose sole view was to amuse, for which he may be supposed to have certain motives, good or bad. The following story however, and it is not without its moral and its use, I do assure you, upon the faith and honour of an anonymous writer, is strictly true, in all its circumstances, and the young woman, our heroine, at this moment, a happy wife and mother. Farthermore, if you wont believe me, on my honour, I refer you to the lady herself—

——————— there was a town,
To those who dwell therein, well known.

Some eight or ten years since, two young women, dashing workers in straw, were taking their Sunday promenade upon the fashionable prado of White Conduit House. They were met by two Adonises, who very politely and pressingly requested their company to join the splendid throng of all colours, in the gardens, and refresh themselves with a glass of negus. The ladies consented, and the reader may imagine this happy quartetto, after a turn or two in the walks, seated at a table enjoying an interesting *tete-a-tete* over their negus. Time passed, and one gentleman left the table, whilst the other held the ladies in conversation. A short time after the other also departed, as if to seek for his friend. No notice was at first taken, but by and by, our damsels began to look at each other, with symptoms of suspicion of the real state of the case, and with the

* The Cave of *Trophonius* was in Lebadea, and was considered one of the most famous Oracles of Greece; all such as returned from consulting it were observed to be pale and dejected, and from thence it became proverbial, when speaking of a melancholy man, that he had visited the Cavern of *Trophonius*.

† Among the ancients, *Nepenthe* was the juice of a plant now unknown, which caused persons to forget all their pains and misfortunes.

atmost

utmost anxiety, for—*horresco referens!* putting myself in their place, my hair stands an end, whilst I relate it!—neither of these forsaken damsels had one single mag, or piece of any kind of coin, in her pocket. Imagine, lady reader, their situation, their eyes anxiously cast around, in search of their recreant beaux, and all hope being fled, the terrors struck into their heaving bosoms, at the sight of every passing waiter, and at every eye which they now supposed turned upon them. Feminine sensibility could stand all this no longer, and one of this forlorn hope burst into tears, which it was impossible to hide from the surrounding company, who had, indeed, already began to smoke the real state of the case. Never was a luckier hit, and ladies need not begrudge their tears, since they seldom cry for nothing. These attractive tears drew from an opposite seat, a young beau knight errant, who, with the utmost politeness of attention, attempted to soothe and calm the oppressed bosoms of the deserted fair, in which he succeeded, in a manner truly chivalrous and effectual, by ——paying their reckoning. But he did a great deal more—he attended them home, and making choice of the lady who so well knew how to cry at a proper time, paid his addresses to, and shortly after married her. In a short period after this event, the lady walking with her prize, actually met the two gay deceivers, who furnished her with the ticket in that lottery, in which she drew a husband!—She did not, I dare say, even frown at them.

I hope no lady will be induced by my story, to run so great a risk as forms the burden of it, but should it nevertheless so happen, she will not neglect my advice, but be careful to cry opportunely.

AN OBSERVER.

A COMPLETE STATEMENT OF THE VARIOUS COLTS AND FILLIES, WITH THE BETTING, &c.

THAT RAN FOR THE DERBY AND OAKS STAKES, FROM THEIR FIRST COMMENCEMENT, UP TO THE PRESENT YEAR.

Continued from page 165.

EPSOM MEETING, 1788.—*Thursday, May* 8.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 3lb., fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; thirty Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch. c. Sir Thomas, by Pontac, out of Sportsmistress, (Pot8o's dam) by Sportsman 1

Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. Aurelius, by Eclipse, dam by Blank, out of Bay Snip, by Snip 2

Lord Barrymore's br. c. Feenow, by Tandem, out of Crop's dam 3

Lord Foley's ch. c. Altamont, by Garrick, dam by Herod 4

Mr. Fox's gr. c. Grey Diomed, by Diomed, out of Grey Dorimant, by Dorimant 5

The

The following also started, but were not placed:

Duke of St. Albans's b. c. Young Highflyer, (Brother to Cowslip) by Highflyer, out of a Sister to Tandem 0

Mr. Taylor's b. c. Star, by Highflyer, dam by Snap, out of Riddle, by Match'em 0

Lord Clermont's b. c. Ponto, by Il'mio, out of Impudence, by Eclipse 0

Duke of Queensberry's b. c. Goliah, by Giant, out of Blast, by Herod 0

Mr. Lade's ch. c. Conflans, by Woodpecker, dam by Spectator 0

Mr. Hull's ch. c. by Jupiter, out of Joe Andrews's dam............ 0

Six to 5 on Sir Thomas, 5 to 2 agst Aurelius, and higher odds agst any other.

FRIDAY.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; eighteen Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Lord Egremont's bay, Nightshade, by Pot8o's; dam, Cytherea, (Sister to Drone) by Herod, out of Lily, by Blank 1

Duke of Bedford's bay, Busy, by Florizel, dam by Squirrel, Match'em, Snip, Regulus, Partner, &c. 2

Mr. Wastell's bay, by Alfred, out of Magnolia, by Marsk 3

Duke of Grafton's chesnut, Sphinx, by Eclipse; dam, Racket, by Herod, out of Legacy, by Young Snip 4

Lord Grosvenor's brown, by Justice, out of Ceres, by Sweetwilliam.. 5

Sir F. Standish's bay, (Eagle's dam) by Highflyer, dam by Engineer, Regulus, out of Lass of the Mill, by Traveller 6

Lord G. H. Cavendish's bay, Dian, by Eclipse, out of Diana, by Shakspeare, Bajazet, &c.. 7

Two to 1 on Nightshade, 5 to 1 agst Sir F. Standish's filly, and very high odds agst any other.

EPSOM MEETING, 1789.—*Thursday, May* 28.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; thirty Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Duke of Bedford's b. c. Skyscraper, by Highflyer; dam, Everlasting, by Eclipse, out of Hyæna, by Snap.............................. 1

Duke of Bedford's b. c. Sir George, (Brother to Lovemore) by Bourdeaux; dam Chrysolite, out of Angelica, by Snap............ 2

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Skylark, by Highflyer, dam by Lord Chedworth's Snap, Squirt, out of Bajazet's dam 3

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch. c. Soujah ul Dowlah, by Eclipse, out of Duchess, (Sister to Euston) by Antinous............... 4

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Serpent, by Eclipse; dam, Fidget, by Spectator, out of Gaudy, by Blank.................... 5

Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. c. Competitor, by Eclipse, out of Diana, by Shakspeare 6

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. (Brother to Druid) by Pot8o's, out of Maid the Oaks, by Herod... 0

Duke

Duke of St. Albans's b. c. Bashful, by Highflyer, out of Duenna's dam, by Tatler 0
Mr. Lade's gr. c. by Pantaloon, bought of Mr. Vernon 0
Lord Barrymore's br. c. Sir Christopher, (Brother to Buzaglo) by Evergreen, out of Clio, by Julius Cæsar 0
Lord Egremont's ch. c. Sublimate, by Mercury, out of Blemish, by Herod, Marsk, &c. 0

Seven to 4 on Skyscraper, 7 to 2 agst Soujah ul Dowlah, 100 to 8 agst the Brother to Druid, and 100 to 7 agst Sublimate.

FRIDAY.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st. ; the last mile and half; eighteen Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Lord Egremont's bay, Tag, by Trentham, out of Venus, (Sister to Mercury) by Eclipse 1
Lord Grosvenor's brown, Olivia, by Justice, out of Cypher, by Squirrel 2
Mr. Vernon's bay, Hope, by Florizel, out of Ruby, by Pantaloon 3
Duke of Grafton's bay, Daffodil, by Magnet, out of Hebe, by Chrysolite 4
Duke of Bedford's chesnut, Restless, (Sister to Fidget) by Florizel .. 5

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Clermont's bay, Butterfly, (Sister to Flyator) by Imperator 0
Lord Clermont's bay, Young Flirt, by Imperator, out of Flirt, by Squirrel 0

Five to 2 agst Tag, 5 to 2 agst Hope, 5 to 1 agst Daffodil, 7 to 1 agst Restless, and 7 to 1 agst Olivia.

EPSOM MEETING, 1790.—*Thursday, May* 20.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 3lb. ; the last mile and half; thirty-two Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Rhadamanthus, by Justice, out of Flyer, by Sweetbriar, Squirrel, &c. 1
Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. Asparagus, by Pot8o's, dam by Justice, out of Marianne, by Squirrel 2
Lord Derby's b. c. Lee Boo, (Brother to Hope) by Florizel, out of Ruby, by Pantaloon 3
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Chambooè, by Mambrino, out of Tabitha, by Blank ; Fancy, by Crab 4
Mr. Panton's b. c. Griffin, by Woodpecker, out of Hyæna, by Snap ; Miss Belsea, by Regulus 5

The following also started, but were not placed:

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Fitzwilliam, (Brother to Rockingham) by Highflyer 0
Lord Foley's b. c. Rattler, by Imperator, out of Emma, by Spectator ; Lucy, by Blank 0
Lord Clermont's b. c. Bag-lio ! by Marc Antony, out of Noisette, by Squirrel ; Carina, by Blank 0
Duke of Queensberry's gr. c. Burgundy, by Bourdeaux, out of Blackthorn, by Turf ; Lady Jane, by Snap 0

Mr.

Mr. Panton's br. c. Ostrich, by Woodpecker, out of Cunegonde, by Blank, Cullen Arabian, Patriot, &c. 0

Five to 4 agst Rhadamanthus, 4 to 1 agst Asparagus, 5 to 1 agst Griffin, and 7 to 1 agst Lee Boo.

FRIDAY.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; thirty-eight Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Duke of Bedford's chesnut, Hippolyta, by Mercury; dam, Hip, by Herod, out of a Sister to Mirza, by the Godolphin Arabian.... 1

Lord Grosvenor's chesnut, Mistletoe, (Brother to Druid) by Pot8o's, out of Maid of the Oaks, by Herod 2

Duke of Bedford's bay, by Giant, out of Heinel, by Squirrel........ 3

Mr. Vernon's chesnut, Crazy, by Woodpecker, out of a Sister to Mercury, by Eclipse 4

The following also started, but were not placed:

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's bay, Louisa, by Ancient Pistol, out of Calash, by Herod 0

Duke of Queensberry's chesnut, (Sister to Dash) by Florizel, out of Caprice, by Marsk 0

Lord Derby's bay, Mrs. Candour, by Woodpecker, out of Papillon, by Snap 0

Lord Derby's grey, Bab, by Bourdeaux, out of Speranza, by Eclipse 0

Sir F. Standish's bay, (Sister to Astonishment) by Highflyer, out of Frenzy, by Eclipse 0

Capt. Bertie's bay, Magnolia, by Highflyer, out of Magnolia, by Marsk 0

Lord Grosvenor's brown, Emmeline, by Justice, out of Elfrida, by Snap.... 0

Mr. Vernon's bay, Mayfly, by Florizel, out of Mayfly, by Carabineer, (ran out of the Course) 0

Five to 2 agst Crazy, 3 to 1 agst Mistletoe, 6 to 1 agst Hippolyta, and 10 to 1 agst Louisa.

EPSOM MEETING, 1791.—*Thursday, June* 9.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; thirty-two Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Duke of Bedford's br. c. Eager, (Brother to Fidget) by Florizel, dam by Match'em, Syphon, &c. 1

Lord Foley's br. c. Vermin, by Highflyer, out of Rosebud, by Snap; Miss Belsea, by Regulus 2

Lord Egremont's b. c. Proteus, by Mercury, out of Pastorella, by Otho 3

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch. c. St. David, by Saltram, out of Hardwicke's dam, by Herod 4

The following also started, but were not placed:

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. (Brother to Eagle's dam) by Highflyer, dam by Engineer 0

Mr.

Mr. Vernon's gr. c. by Garrick, out of Blowzy, by Herod 0
Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Playfellow, by Diomed, dam by Turf........ 0
Mr. Graham's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Pincher 0
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Gumcistus, by Po'8o's, out of Elfrida, by Snap.. 0
Five to 4 agst Vermin, 5 to 2 agst Eager, 8 to 1 agst St. David, and 10 to 1 agst Proteus.

Friday.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; thirty-eight Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Duke of Bedford's chesnut, Portia, by Volunteer, out of a Sister to Sting, by Herod 1
Lord Grosvenor's brown, Astræa, by Justice, out of a Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon 2
Sir F. Poole's bay, Kezia, by Satellite, out of Waxy's dam 3
Lord Barrymore's brown, by Highflyer, out of Impudence, by Eclipse; Modesty, by Cade 4
The following also started, but were not placed:
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's chesnut, (Sister to Imperator) by Conductor, dam by Herod 0
Lord Grosvenor's bay, Sylph, by Saltram, out of Sting, by Herod .. 0
Duke of Grafton's bay, Prunella, by Highflyer, out of Promise, by Snap; Julia, by Blank 0
Lord Egremont's brown, (Sister to Star) by Highflyer, dam by Snap, out of Riddle, by Match'em.............................. 0
Sir F. Standish's chesnut, Storace, (Sister to The Yellow Mare) by Tandem, out of Perdita, by Herod.......................... 0
Six to 4 that either Astræa or Sylph won; 7 to 4 agst Sylph, 7 to 2 agst Astræa, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst Portia.

Epsom Meeting, 1792.—*Thursday, May* 24.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; thirty-two Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. John Bull, by Fortitude, out of Xantippe, (Sister to Don Quixote) by Eclipse 1
Lord Clermont's b. c. Speculator, by Trumpator, out of Fantail's dam, by Herod.. 2
Lord Derby's b. c. Bustard, by Woodpecker; dam, Matron, by Alfred, out of Pilot's dam, by Marsk 3
Mr. Graham's ch. c. Lyricus, by Dungannon, out of Sappho, by Turf 4
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. St. George, by Highflyer, out of a Sister to Soldier, by Eclipse 5
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Whiskey, by Saltram, out of Calash, by Herod.. 6
Duke of Queensberry's bl. c. by Pharamond; dam, (Pecker's dam) by Gimcrack, out of Haras, by Captain 7
Six to 4 on John Bull, 5 to 2 agst Bustard, 8 to 1 agst Whiskey, and 100 to 1 agst Speculator.

Friday.

FRIDAY.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; thirty-eight Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Lord Clermont's bay, Volante, by Highflyer, out of Fanny, (Sister to King Fergus) by Eclipse 1
Lord Clermont's bay, Trumpetta, by Trumpator, out of Peggy, (Sister to Postmaster) by Herod 2
Lord Grosvenor's brown, Tidy, by Highflyer, dam by Eclipse, Blank 3
Lord Barrymore's bay, (Sister to Eagle's dam) by Highflyer, dam by Engineer 4

The following also started, but were not placed:

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's chesnut, Rose, by Saltram, out of Sweet-Marjoram, by Sweetbriar 0
Duke of Grafton's brown, by Pot8o's, out of Promise, by Snap. 0
Lord Egremont's bay, by Mercury, dam by Highflyer, out of Shark's dam, by Snap 0
Lord Winchelsea's brown, Heroine, by Phenomenon, out of Princess, (Sister to Pegasus) by Eclipse. 0
Mr. Smith Barry's bay, Maria, by Highflyer, out of Nutcracker, by Match'em. 0
Sir J. Webb's bay, Constant, by Highflyer, out of Penultima, by Snap. 0
Mr. Barton's grey, Mystery, by Bourdeaux, out of Express's dam, by Syphon. 0

Five to 4 the field agst Trumpetta and Volante; 3 to 1 agst Trumpetta, 3 to 1 agst Heroine, 4 to 1 agst Volante, and 5 to 1 agst Rose.

EPSOM MEETING, 1793.—*Thursday, May* 16.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; fifty Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Sir F. Poole's b. c. Waxy, by Pot8o's; dam, Maria, by Herod; Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor, by the Godolphin Arabian 1
Lord Egremont's b. c. Gohanna, by Mercury, dam by Herod, out of Maiden, (Sister to Purity) by Match'em. 2
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Triptolemus, by Pot8o's, out of Ceres, by Sweetwilliam 3
Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. Druid, by Pot8o's, out of Maid of the Oaks, by Herod 4
Mr. Hull's ch. c. Xanthus, by Volunteer, out of Abigail, (Sister to Calash) by Herod 5
Sir F. Standish's gr. c. Darsham, by Crop, dam by Herod, out of Circe, by Feather, Blank, &c. 6

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Derby's b. c. Kidney, by Pot8o's, out of Paulina, by Florizel . . 0
Lord Strathmore's ch. c. (Brother to Cinnabar) by Mercury; dam, Cowslip, by Herod, out of Sweetwilliam's dam. 0
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Lilliput, by Pot8o's; dam, Leveret, by Florizel, out of Maiden, by Match'em 0

Lord

Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. Doricles, by Pot8o's, out of Perdita, by Herod 0
Mr. J. L Kaye's ch. c. Gay Deceiver, by Phenomenon; dam, Recovery, by Hyder Ally, out of Perdita, by Herod 0
Sir F. Poole's b. c. Mealy, by Pot8o's, out of Macaria, by Herod 0
Mr. Philips's b. c. (Brother to King David) by Highflyer, out of Miss Hervey, by Eclipse 0
Eleven to 10 on Gohanna, 8 to 1 agst Xanthus, 10 to 1 agst Druid, and 12 to 1 agst Waxy.

Friday.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; thirty-seven Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.
Duke of Bedford's brown, Cælia, by Volunteer; dam, (Sister to Pharamond) by Highflyer, out of Giantess, by Match'em 1
Mr. Golding's black, Black Puss, by Trumpator, out of Smallbones, by Highflyer, Panglos, &c. 2
Duke of Bedford's bay, Rachel, by Highflyer, out of a Sister to Tandem, by Syphon 3
Lord Egremont's bay, Modesty, by Mercury; dam, Hippo, by Herod, out of Juno, by Spectator 4
The following also started, but were not placed:
Duke of Grafton's chesnut, Garland, by Mercury; dam, Marigold, by Herod, out of Toy, by Blank.......... 0
Duke of Bedford's bay, Neriss, (Sister to Portia) by Volunteer, out of a Sister to Sting, by Herod.......... 0
Lord Grosvenor's bay, by Highflyer, out of Fair Barbara, by Eclipse 0
Sir C. Bunbury's bay, Young Giantess, (Sorcerer's dam) by Diomed, out of Giantess, by Match'em.......... 0
Lord Egremont's bay, by Mercury, out of Cytherea, (Sister to Drone) by Herod 0
Mr. W. Clark's chesnut, Rally, by Trumpator, out of Fancy, (Sister to Diomed) by Florizel 0
Three to 1 against Black Puss, 4 to 1 agst Cælia, 4 and 5 to 1 against Lord Egremont's filly, 5 to 1 agst Garland, 5 and 6 to 1 agst Rachel.

Epsom Meeting, 1794.—*Thursday, June 5.*—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; forty-nine Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Dædalus, (Brother to Rhadamanthus) by Justice, out of Flyer, by Sweetbriar.......... 1
Lord Egremont's br. c. Ragged Jack, by Highflyer, out of Camilla, by Trentham 2
Duke of Bedford's ch. c. Leon, by Dungannon, out of Leonora, by Shakespeare.......... 3
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Young Drone, by Drone, out of Anna, (Sister to Dido) by Eclipse.......... 4
Five and 6 to 4 on Leon, 2 to 1 agst Ragged Jack, and 6 to 1 against Dædalus.

FRIDAY.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; thirty-one Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Lord Derby's brown, Hermione, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Paulina, by Florizel, out of Captive, by Match'em 1
Mr. Wilson's bay, Eliza, by Highflyer; dam, Augusta, by Eclipse, out of Hardwicke's dam, by Herod 2
Duke of Bedford's chesnut, Jessica, (Sister to Portia) by Volunteer.. 3
Lord Grosvenor's brown, Jenny Bull, by Justice, out of John Bull's dam 4
Mr. Harris's bay, Jannette, (Sister to Mother Bunch) by Mercury, dam by Highflyer, Snap, out of Miss Middleton, by Regulus .. 5
Mr. Vernon's grey, Fancy, (Sister to Walton's dam) by Dungannon 6
Sir F. Standish's bay, by Highflyer, out of the Yellow Mare........ 7
Lord Grosvenor's bay, (Sister to Noator) by Trumpator, out of Doxy, by Herod 8

Seven to 4 agst Eliza, 5 to 2 agst Hermione, and 4 to 1 agst Jessica.

EPSOM MEETING, 1795.—*Thursday, May* 21.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; forty-five Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Sir F. Standish's b. c. Spread-Eagle, by Volunteer, dam by Highflyer, Engineer, Regulus, out of Lass of the Mill, by Traveller 1
Lord Egremont's b. c. Caustic, (Brother to Gohanna) by Mercury, dam by Herod, out of Maiden 2
Sir F. Poole's br. c. Pelter, by Fortunio, out of Macaria, (Mealy's dam) by Herod.. 3
Mr. Dawson's b. c. Diamond, by Highflyer, dam by Match'em, out of Barbara, by Snap 4
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Yorkshire Bite, (Brother to Cayenne) by Pot8o's, out of Sting, by Herod 5

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Egremont's b. c. Arun, by Mercury, dam by Highflyer, out of Calypso, by Match'em 0
Duke of Bedford's br. c. Brass, (Brother to Hermione) by Sir Peter Teazle 0
Mr. Durand's br. c. by Saltram; dam, (Pyracmon's dam) by Eclipse, out of Imperator's dam 0
Mr. Hallett's ch. c. Hum, by Volunteer, dam by Herod 0
Mr. O'Kelly's br. c. Viret, by Volunteer, out of Wimbleton, by Evergreen 0
Mr. Turnor's b. c. Miller, by Volunteer, out of Maid of the Mill, by Plunder 0

Five to 2 agst Arun, 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst Spread-Eagle, 3 to 1 agst Yorkshire Bite, and 9 to 1 agst Pelter.

FRIDAY.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; forty-two Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Lord

Lord Egremont's chesnut, Platina, (Sister to Old Gold and Silver) by Mercury, dam by Herod, out of Young Hagg, by Skim...... 1
Lord Grosvenor's brown, Ariadne, by Justice, out of Anna, (Sister to Dido) by Eclipse, Spectator, &c. 2

The following also started, but were not placed :

Sir F. Poole's bay, by Justice; dam, Jemima, by Satellite, out of Waxy's dam, by Herod 0
Lord Derby's brown, Zenobia, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Zilia, by Eclipse.. 0
Mr. Bridges's bay, Mediocrity, by Highflyer, out of Lily of the Valley, by Eclipse, Tartar, &c. 0
Mr. C. Taylor's bay, Fair Helen, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bridget, by Herod.. 0
Lord Egremont's bay, Fractious, by Mercury, dam by Woodpecker, out of Everlasting, by Eclipse 0
Mr. Rutter's chesnut, Lavinia, by Rockingham, out of Lurcher's dam, by Vertumnus (or Eclipse)........................ 0
Mr. Lade's bay, (Sister to Oatlands) by Dungannon, out of Letitia, by Highflyer, Match'em, &c. 0
Mr. Browne's black, (Sister to Tantalus) by Erasmus, out of Pegasus's dam, by Bosphorus 0
Mr. Stirling's bay, Anvilina, by Anvil, out of a Sister to Tickle Toby, by Alfred 0

Five to 2 agst Zenobia, 3 to 1 agst Platina and Fractious, 4 to 1 agst Fair Helen, 5 to 1 agst Ariadne, and 9 to 1 agst Lavinia.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD HEBREW TRADITION FROM WHITECHAPEL.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IT is necessary to begin my story with a reference to the index of one of your past volumes, for the name of the once famous FRANK MOORE, [some biographical memorandums of whom, I furnished for your repository of curiosities] in order to acquaint the reader, that I derive my present information from a similar source.

The Jews, that peculiar and stubborn sect of unalterables, who, even in the nineteenth century, fancy there is vast virtue and interest in observances, of about as much consequence as jumping over sticks, and eating sugared oysters, have immemoriably been charged in history with certain cruel and abominable rites, in which innocent and unconscious infants were destined by horrible religious prejudices, to undergo a tragical part. The burnt sacrifice too, must consist of Christian infants, if we may credit the narrators of such abominations, who, by the by, have always been Christians, inflamed in the true religious style with the most violent and enthusiastic hatred of the Jews. Nor would the Jews, according to all known facts, have been a whit behind their Christian adversaries, in

in religious love, had they possessed the power! Thus, should there really have existed any truth in the ancient stories, of Christian infants offered up by the Jews to their God, as a burnt sacrifice, we must attribute it to the ferocious spirit of ignorance and prejudice, which distinguishes and debases early and unenlightened times. It is strange, however, that accounts which bear a great affinity, both in motive and horrible circumstances, should prevail and gain a considerable degree of credit, of similar deeds perpetrated even in the last century. My recollection of the present story, which was told to me more than thirty years ago, was refreshed by a wonderful account in one of last year's Magazines, of a mother and infant, deliberately and purposely burnt, house and all! at Edinburgh, in the beginning of the last century. I immediately had recourse to my original informant, and hereafter followeth his fresh deposition, which, as far my memory serves me, accords circumstantially with his former relation.

At that time, namely about thirty years ago, a tradition prevailed currently, indeed, was rather fresh among the lower, and for ought I know, among the upper classes of Whitechapel and the vicinity, that, in times preceding, perhaps thirty, forty years, or upwards, a certain accoucheur of the name of Roque or Rock, or some such name, for my informant caught it imperfectly, or his memory had failed, was suddenly called upon at midnight, to attend at the house of a great Jew family, in the environs of Whitechapel, under the express stipulation of secrecy, and of permitting himself to be blindfolded, after the coach, then in waiting for him, should reach a particular part of the town. To this the Doctor agreed, and the coach having arrived, according to his observation, at the entrance of Whitechapel, the attendant fastened a bandage upon his eyes. After a drive of no great length, they stopped, and the accoucheur was led in his blindfold state, unto an entrance hall, as he perceived, and from thence, through certain passages, and up several flights of stairs, until he reached a chamber, in which, according to his feelings, and the notice given by his auditory nerves, there was a very large and fierce fire. Immediately he was ushered into an adjoining room, and the bandage being taken from his eyes, he found a lady in child-bed, ready to be delivered, but apparently in a very dejected and anxious state. The room, the furniture, the bed, and attendance, all indicated a very high degree of opulence, and even splendour. Having performed his duty to the lady, and committed the child to the care of an attendant, he received, according to agreement, a very high remuneration, and being again blindfolded, was re-conducted through the same heated room to the coach, which driving off at a great rate, soon brought him to that part of the town, where the bandage was first put on, and was then taken off his eyes. But the material and horrible part of the story is, he had scarcely got through the room, in which was the great fire, before he heard the most heart-rending shrieks and screams, attended with some passionate and bewailing language respecting the *child*, which he was well aware, proceeded from the unfortunate mother, and he then almost instantaneously distinguished a busy

hum

hum in the room, and a stirring up and crackling of the fire, followed by some faint squalls of an infant. All this, it seems, he well understood, to be the destruction of the unfortunate infant by fire, according to a horrible custom of the Jews, required by their religion in certain cases.

According to the popular interpretation of the above tragedy, the unhappy lady had borne a child to a Christian, which necessarily, according to Jewish custom, drew down upon such unfortunate infant the tremendous extinction above described. And it was thirty or forty years ago, and probably may be at present, quite common and in course, on a Jew woman being seen in the streets of that part of the town of which I have been speaking, talking with a Christian man, for the populace to notice it and exclaim, "Moyer, Moyer, remember Doctor ———," alluding to the presumed certain fate of a child born of a Jewess, by a Christian man. *Moyer*, it seems, is the common appellation bestowed upon Jews, as *Goyer* is, by the Jews, upon such Christian women or men, as attend at their houses on the Sabbath, to do those absolutely necessary offices, interdicted to themselves, by a contemptible and nonsensical system of fanaticism, which has, indeed, almost miraculously subsisted throughout so many ages; and what is yet more miraculous, still prevails in full rigour, although ununder the complete, but secret contempt and ridicule of a majority of its victims. At any rate, there is no doubt, I believe, to this hour, that a Jewess having a child by, or indeed any connection with a Christian man, forfeits all title to charity among Jews, even were she to perish for want of a morsel of bread. Thus it is, that *systems* of faith promote love and concord among men, and human happiness! I should be glad to see this last fact contradicted. As to the above story, in all probability, some of the elderly people of the eastern part of the Metropolis, may be able to throw light upon it; and persons learned in ancient traditions, may judge of the probability of such facts having ever really occurred: with respect to the current and general belief of them, as above stated, there is no doubt.

I am, Sir, your old correspondent, &c. ———.

FATAL DUELLING.

A TRIAL AT THE LATE HAMPSHIRE ASSIZES.

At the late Assizes for the county of Hants, held at Winchester, the following interesting trial came before the Judge on the Crown side:

Edward M'Guire, Andrew Dillon, Joseph Gilchrist, and Daniel O'Brien, were charged with the wilful murder of Lieutenant Blundell, in a duel, in the Isle of Wight.

The Rev. J. Barwis, a Magistrate residing at Niton, in the Isle of Wight, stated, that on the 8th of July, about eight in the evening, he was informed that Mrs. White, mother-in-law to Lieutenant Blundell, the deceased, wished to see him; he went to her about dusk; in consequence of what she said, he went to the White Lion, and asked the landlord for Mr. M'Guire, who came to him, and they walked backward and forward near the Inn. He told M'Guire, in

in consequence of information, he must bind him to keep the peace. M'Guire replied he was a peaceable man, and that he had been ill used; that Blundell had raised a report that he had supplied M'Guire with clothes. Witness said he must do his duty, if he persisted in his intention of fighting, and requested him to go to the barracks immediately. He replied he should be happy to oblige him, and he repeated his request, and required his word and honour that he would not fight Blundell; M'Guire replied, I give you my word of honour that I will not challenge Blundell; on which they parted, and M'Guire went towards the barracks. Witness returned to the White Lion, and desired Blundell might be brought to him; he waited for a considerable time, but he did not come; went to the house where he was, and saw Blundell, in company with Lieutenants Dillon and Andrew O'Brien. Mr. Blundell came to him, and they had some conversation. Mr. Blundell returned, and so did the witness; addressing himself to the company, Lieutenant Dillon sitting at the head of the table, he said he feared they were there at no good, that he was a Magistrate, and that he came to keep the peace; that if there was any disposition to a duel he should bind them over. Mr. Blundell then took the lead in the conversation, and said, in certain situations, gentlemen in the army were obliged to fight duels. Dillon observed, if any Officer in his regiment refused to fight, he should feel it his duty to inform the Commanding Officer. The rest, with the exception of Blundell, followed, but did not say so much about it. Witness then repeated that he would have no fighting, and asked if there was no intermediate course; he was told by Mr. Dillon, that fighting there must be, in some situations. After a little more conversation, he retired, saying there should be no fighting; Mr. Dillon said to him, there shall be no fighting in your district. They were then eating and drinking freely. Witness then went home.

The Judge censured Mr. Barwis for not acting more promptly.

Cross-examined.—Is quite certain Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien were at the Red Lion. When he saw them before the Coroner, recognised them. O'Brien did not say much, but what he said accorded with Dillon.

James Fitzgerald, private in the 96th Regiment of Foot, is servant to Ensign Gilchrist, was so on the 9th of this month, was in Parkhouse Barracks on that morning. By order of his master, he took to Newport a box; did not at that time know its contents: went to Mr. Webb's for a hat for him, and afterwards went with his master to where the duel was fought, at the back of Carisbrook Castle. Mr. M'Guire was with his master. Soon after they were there, Mr. Blundell and Mr. Hemmings came to the spot; when they met they proceeded to the back of the Castle, and Mr. Hemmings measured out the ground, taking twelve or thirteen paces. Hemmings asked Mr. Gilchrist for a pistol; Gilchrist answered, if you have it, it shall be without my consent, and against my wishes that they should be used on that day; on which Mr. Hemmings was desired by Mr. Blundell to get one of his own, and the pistol was produced and loaded. Mr. Hemmings gave the word, and both fired together. Blundell stood

stood his ground, and handed his pistol to Hemmings; Hemmings said the pistol was burst, and Blundell asked to borrow one of Gilchrist, as he wished to have another shot. Then Gilchrist and Hemmings went to Blundell, and afterwards to M'Guire, but he did not hear what passed. After this they loaded M'Guire's pistols, and each took one. Hemmings gave the word, they fired, and Mr. Blundell fell. M'Guire, Hemmings, and Gilchrist, came up to him. Blundell said, "My dear M'Guire, I am dying, but I forgive you from my heart and soul." Then Gilchrist shook hands with him, and said, "Are you satisfied that we have behaved as gentlemen to day." He replied, "Yes, my dear Gilchrist, I die in peace with you all." Witness was sent for a Doctor, whom he met coming out, and when he returned, the parties were all gone.

Mr. William Dunlop is Surgeon of the 99th regiment; on the 9th instant, he was called on to attend Mr. Blundell, about one o'clock, at Newport; he was lying on his back, his clothes taken off, and a medical gentleman attending. The ball had entered between the back bone and shoulder blade, had passed through the lungs, and struck the sixth rib on the left side, and finally lodged under the arm pit.

Thomas Raylis, Captain and Adjutant at the Army Depot, in the Isle of Wight, on the 9th was in company with the deceased, Blundell; in consequence of a letter, witness waited on the deceased, who told him he was mortally wounded; witness told him he was sent by General Taylor to inquire into the circumstances, and requested him to inform him who were the seconds; he replied Hemmings was his second, Gilchrist the other's; he said that Mr. M'Guire and he had had an altercation; but that it was not his wish to meet Mr. M'Guire, he would have settled it, but that he was in a manner compelled; he said several Officers had been to him, their names were O'Brien, Dillon, and several others, that he did not owe M'Guire any animosity. It was between four and five in the afternoon when he went down to Blundell; he understood on the same day the duel took place, there were several persons in the room when he went there, but did not particularly observe any one. He went to Blundell for the purpose of collecting the particulars; he told him it was not his intention to have fought if he could have avoided it, that he had the Adjutant-General's permission to go to London, that he intended to let the business pass over, and to have got on the half-pay, and that he was going off on that day. O'Brien and Dillon told him if he did not meet M'Guire he should be discarded. Witness could not learn how the dispute originated.

Henry White is father-in-law to the deceased: saw him on the 10th instant, and was told by him he had received a wound, which he supposed would be mortal; said he was sorry to see him in such a situation; that it was not his fault. It was a malicious business: that he could not help it; and that he did not wish to fight. That O'Brien and Dillon, and others, had come down to the White Lion, the evening before, and was obliged to do it by the officers he had been conversing with.

Mr. Dillon, in his defence said, he was not aware of being implicated

cated in this charge till yesterday morning; and, from the shortness of notice, he could not procure the witnesses he could have procured if the time had been longer.

M'Guire is a native of Ireland, and a stranger in this country; that he was challenged by the deceased, and, as a gentleman, was obliged to accept it.

Mr. Gilchrist said, in his defence, that from the shortness of time since the transaction, he had not sufficient time to obtain his witnesses to his character.

Mr. O'Brien is a native of Ireland; said there was not time to acquaint his connections with his situation.

M'Guire received a good character from Captain Davis and the Rev. Mr. Barwis.

Mr. Dutch, the Surgeon, knows M'Guire; he has borne a very good character.

Capt. Raylis gave M'Guire a favourable character.

Lieutenant J. Husom, of the 89th, knows Mr. Gilchrist since the year 1809; since that period he has borne the best possible character.

Mr. Dunlop has known Gilchrist since he has been at the Depot; his conduct and character has been most gentlemanly.

The Jury brought in the prisoners *Guilty*, and they were all sentenced to suffer *Death*; but they have since been reprieved to the 2d of September.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following appeared in the *Leeds Mercury*, July 17:—

"The Young Bull, called Snowdrop, which will not leap any cows but the owner's till the 1st of May, 1814, is kept at Coldwell Hill, near Halifax, in the lands or closes belonging to Jonathan Walsh; which grounds all people are desired not to go into without leave of the said Jonathan Walsh, who will give his hind or servant directions to treat gentlemen civilly, and shew them the said bull, which is a fine short-horned one, a good red and white colour, uncommon in his marks and shape. His dam, or the cow that calved him, is as well made and as good both in colour and bone as any cow for her size; none bigger, none better. It is and has been so said by an eminent dealer in cattle, who was brought up a butcher. Therefore J. W. cautions all rambling trespassers to keep out of the said fields and grounds, and not disturb the said owner's cattle, nor traverse, run over, nor tread down, any of the said fields, by seeking mushrooms, getting blackberries, nuts, heps, haws, likewise cutting down the hedges, which they seem to think they have a right to do; therefore they are hereby told that they have no right so to do, and that persons are employed to watch the said grounds, and catch all such depredators and trespassers, who will be prosecuted according to law, though they are of the description of people that are not able to pay one shilling damages; there are likewise people that have red coats on, and some people otherwise dressed, with dogs and guns, the noise of which, when discharged, frightens cattle; those with red coats are followed by a numberless multitude of men, boys, and even women are allured with the colour, and trail their coats and smocks through and along the grass with people of the other description, in, through, and amongst

pure

pure reserved grass for cattle in the winter season, to the great loss of the proprietor, and even to the community at large:

"Therefore I do hereby discharge and forbid all people, of every denomination, from hunting, coursing, fowling, or seeking or pursuing any hares, partridges, pheasants, or other game whatsoever, in or upon any of my lands or grounds within the parish of Halifax, in the county of York, and from committing any trespasses or trespass, or doing any damage (as above) whatsoever, in or upon the same, or any part thereof; and also from coming upon the same or any part thereof, under any pretence whatsoever. —Given under my hand the 10th day of July, 1813.

"JONATHAN WALSH."

WOLVES.—AN ETCHING.

THE Wolf is a native of almost all the temperate and cold regions of the globe. It is found in most countries of Europe, but has been totally extirpated from our own island, as well as from Ireland. How numerous these pernicious animals must have once been in Britain, may be guessed from the celebrated laws of King Edgar, who attempted the extirpation of these animals, by commuting the punishments for certain crimes into the acceptance of a number of wolves' tongues from each criminal: in Wales, by converting the tax of gold and silver into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads.

The general colour of the wolf is a pale grey, with a cast of yellowish, but it varies much as to the shades or gradations of colour in different parts of the world.—Those of Africa are said to be larger than those of Europe; while, on the contrary, the American ones are considerably smaller; and from these latter, it is pretended, the dogs proceeded, which were observed in North America, on the first arrival of the Europeans. In the inhabited parts of America, however, wolves are now become rare.

The wolf is sometimes affected with madness, attended with similar appearances to those exhibited in that state by the dog, and productive of the same symptoms in consequence of its bite: this disease is said to happen to them in the depth of winter, and therefore, as Mr. Pennant observes, can never be attributed to the rage of the dog-days. Wolves, in the northern parts of the world, sometimes, during the spring, get on the ice of the sea, in order to prey on young seals, which they catch asleep; but this repast sometimes proves fatal to them; for the ice, detached from the shore, carries them to a great distance from the land, before they are sensible of it. It is said that in some years a large district is by this means delivered from these pernicious beasts, which are heard howling in a most dreadful manner far in the sea.

The time of gestation in the wolf is about three months and a half; and the young whelps are found from the end of April to the beginning of July; and this difference in the time of gestation, which in the wolf is 100 days, and in the dog only sixty, Buffon considers as a proof of the real difference between the two species.

Notwithstanding the savage nature of the wolf, he is still capable, when young, of being tamed. A remark-

remarkable instance of this is said to have been exhibited in a wolf belonging to the late Sir Ashton Lever, which was, by proper education, entirely divested of the ferocious character of its species.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

CAPTAIN O'BYRNE.

ON Thursday, the 12th of August, as this long celebrated character was going down on a visit to Mr. Richard Thompson, at his seat at Denham, near Uxbridge, he was taken ill in the post-chaise, and had not been conveyed into Mr. T.'s house more than an hour, when he expired. His indisposition is understood to have been occasioned by the bursting of a blood vessel in excess of rage with the postillion, who had offended him by slow driving.—Captain O'Byrne entered early into the Austrian service, where he ranked as a Lieutenant; but coming to England about thirty-five years ago, he was fortunate enough to become acquainted with Lord Lyttleton, and soon participated in all the dissipation of play, &c. which distinguished the character of that highly gifted, but eccentric Nobleman. Through this connection, Captain O'B. found it no difficult matter to get introduced into most of the Clubs for high play, in which he had the skill and address to profit so successfully, as, independently of the acquisition of large sums, to lay two or three considerable estates in the country under annuity contributions of a heavy nature, from which his death has now relieved them.—About ten years ago, however, the Captain met with so serious a reverse of fortune at play, as to compel him to quit England, and seek a retreat in Vienna till a short time since, when he returned, much shattered in his health, and but little improved in his fortune. However, the same pleasant vein of humour and good temper which characterized him, restored him to the notice of many persons of distinction with whom he had formerly associated, and, amongst those, to that estimable character under whose roof he died, and whose kind-hearted benevolence is not to be circumscribed by the mere professions of personal regard.

Capt. O'Byrne was first brought into notice by a dispute about Mrs. Hartley, at Vauxhall, in which Lord Lyttleton, Captain Crofts, and a gentleman known by the name of *fighting* Fitzgerald, and who was afterwards hanged, were engaged. On the part Captain O'Byrne took for Lord Lyttleton, he first became acquainted with that nobleman, by whom he was afterwards patronised, as long as his Lordship lived; and he was amongst those who were present at the last scene of Lord Lyttleton's life, when, in consequence of the prediction of the ghost which he fancied he saw in Mill-street, Lord Lyttleton fell a victim to a nervous spasm, which attacked him within the time appointed by the ghost, at Pit-place, near Epsom. The persons then present were Lord Fortescue, Admiral Wolseley, and Captain O'Byrne, the first of whom is the only one now remaining to attest the story.

SIR HENRY VANE TEMPEST, BART.

On Sunday, the 8th instant, died at his seat at Wynyard, Sir Henry Vane Tempest, Bart. in his 43d year. Sir Henry was one of the Representatives in Parliament for the

the county of Durham. He succeeded to the Baronetcy, in June, 1795, on the death of his father, the Rev. Sir Henry Vane, D. D. one of the Prebendaries of Durham, and who was descended from Sir George Vane, third son of the celebrated Sir Henry Vane, who was beheaded in 1662. In January, 1796, by the death of his maternal uncle, John Tempest, Esq. the late Sir Henry assumed that additional surname, and succeeded to the large estates of his uncle. In 1799, he married Anne Catharine Macdonnell, Countess of Antrim, in Ireland, by whom he has left issue one daughter, Frances Vane, born January 16, 1800. Sir Henry was a great patron of the turf, and contributed largely to its amusements by the excellent stud he kept. The two celebrated horses, Hambletonian and Shuttle, were his property. The Vanes are an ancient family, being descended from Howell ap Vane, of Monmouth, in Wales. Three noble houses have sprung from them, namely, the Earls of Westmoreland, Darlington, and Dungannon. Sir Henry's remains were interred in the family vault in Long Newton Church, near Stockton, Durham.

STEPHEN CROFT, ESQ.

A few days ago died at York, after a painful illness, this respectable country gentleman, as much lamented and as much regretted as falls to the lot of private character to be, a regret not confined to his own family, but extending to the circle of all who knew him. He was one of the oldest members of the Malton Coursing Meeting, which he regularly attended every year, from the commencement to the end of his life, and the Society, who hailed him as *their founder*, will not easily find the vacancy he has occasioned supplied by an equal contributor to its amusements.

CURIOUS ANIMAL ADOPTION.

THE following instance of adoption was this season witnessed in the parish of St. Quivox, North Britain:—A dozen of ducklings, hatched by several hens, having been deserted by their reputed parents, became objects of attention and compassion to a gander, whose mate had for two successive years unsuccessfully attempted to bless him with a family of goslings. He took the orphan ducks under his protection, accompanied them during the day through all their wanderings, and when they were cooped up in the night time, watched them with paternal care, walking round the place of their confinement, and serenading them with an occasional scream. They have now almost reached maturity, and what is remarkable, they are the only brood of the kind that have ever arrived at that stage in the same place. Formerly the young poultry, owing to the weakness of their real parents or their substitutes, were exposed to continual attacks from the crows, magpies, hawks, &c.; but the present race, under the shelter of the gander's wing, have suffered no diminution from such depredations, as their protector never loses sight of them, or permits any ravenous animal, either biped or quadruped, to approach the scene of his guardianship.

FEAST OF WIT.

AN incorrigible Punster, upon observing the marriage of Mr. Marten, of America-square, with Miss Martin, of Islington, observed, that it was a most cruel act on the part of the husband, to strike his wife's *eye* (*i*) out, on the very day of his wedding.

THE following anecdote, amongst some others, is a proof how far *genius* was the object of the last reign. When Hogarth had finished his justly admired print of *The March of the Guards to Finchly Common*, he proposed dedicating it to the King, and for that purpose went to Court to be introduced. Previous to his Majesty's appearance, Hogarth was spied by some of the Courtiers, who guessing his business, begged to have a peep; he complied, and received much laugh and commendation. Soon after, however, the King entered the drawing room, when Hogarth presented his print; but no sooner had the Monarch thrown his eyes upon it, than he exclaimed, "*Dendermons and death, you Hogarth, vhat you mean to abuse my soldiere for?*" In vain the other pleaded his attachment to the army in general, and that this was only a laugh at the expense of the dissolute and idle. His Majesty would not be convinced, till the late Lord Ligonier, who happened to be by, (and whom his Majesty knew from experience was a soldier) told him, "*He was sure Mr. Hogarth did not mean to pay any disrespect to the army.*" This, however, but half pacified him; for holding up the print hastily, he carelessly handed it to one of the Lords in waiting, and desired him to let the artist have *two guineas!*—Hogarth took the money, as the *etiquette*, as well as the *practice* of Courts, is *not to refuse any thing*, but he dedicated his piece to the King of Prussia.

MONSIEUR B——, in a late duel with Mr. L——, received a wound very high in the neck; the ball passed quite through, and he fell. His second hastened to him, and not being aware of the precise situation of the wound, expressed a hope that the shot had caused no very material injury. "No, my friend," replied Monsieur B——, "like many other things I have received from the same quarter, *it went in at one ear and out at the other*."

THE chief Magistrate of a certain provincial town, just before the races, caused a placard to be exhibited, intimating, "that no *Gentleman* will be allowed to ride on the course, *except the horses* that are to run."

EPIGRAM

On the Delay between the Arrival of the Sparrow and that of the Fancy, with Dispatches from Lord Wellington.

"You peevish old Churl!" cried BRITANNIA, inflamed,
To NEPTUNE, while anxious she look'd o'er the sea;
"My WELLINGTON's fought, and you might be ashamed

"To

"To keep thus the tidings of glory from me."
"Bright Goddess," he answer'd, "Oh! blame not in thought
"Old NEPTUNE, who glories in seeing you blest;
"By a *Sparrow* I sent word the Hero had *fought*,
"And to *Fancy* I thought I might well leave *the rest*."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

A Gentleman, furious with anger and hunger,
Thus addressed an itinerant Irish fish-monger:
"You knavish infernal impostor, pray how
Could you sell me such fish as I paid for just now?
Why d——n it, you rascal, they stink like the D—l:"
Says Paddy, "Your honour, that's not very civil;
Whate'er be the mackrel, 'tis surely a shame
To blame me, when none but yourself are to blame—
Before your own door you allowed me to cry 'em
Five days, Sir, before you thought proper to buy 'em!"

IN a late trial for *crim. con.* a witness, on his cross-examination, confessed that he had himself put his arm round the *waist* of the adulteress.—"Then, Sir," said the examining Barrister, "I presume you mistook that *waist* for a *common*."

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.—A Gentleman desirous of breaking his son of a strong inclination he had to pun upon all occasions, imposed a fine for every offence. The boy, in company with his father, passing the other day a man in the pillory, from the singularity of the sight felt his old propensity; but knowing the consequence, satisfied himself with whistling, "*Thro' the Wood, Laddie.*"

A GENTLEMAN observed to his son, during the late holidays, that his tutor had boasted he had *some talents* for poetry, but the father could not believe it; the boy sarcastically replied—"I have occasionally attempted, and sometimes my muse has been propitious."—"Then," added the father, "write me something now."—"On what?" said the boy.—"Your Muse, if you like."—To which he answered immediately:—

You've heard, you say, that I'm a poet,
And wish *this instant* I would shew it;
When I require what 'tis you choose,
My subject, you reply, my Muse.
Then happy always, Sir, to please you,
And of your doubts *at once* to ease you,
Your patience *this* will not abuse,
But shew me *ready* to *a-muse*.

A PERSON complaining of a trick played off upon him by an eccentric character, concluded by saying, "He's an *odd* fellow, but I'll be *even* with him."

AN advertisement lately appeared in a West India paper, offering a high premium for a *substitute to be hanged*, in the room of a *gentleman* ordered for execution.

EPIGRAM.

The Literary Anodyne.

A Bard, who with great pains had fram'd a play,
Walked with a friend, and read it by the way:
A lout, uncivil, whom they chanced to meet,
Yawn'd, as again his jaws would never meet.
"Read lower," said the friend, "read lower, pray,
"The passengers hear every word you say!"

DAVID Garrick sat many times to Sir Joshua Reynolds for different portraits. At one of these sittings he gave a very lively account of his having sat once for his portrait to an indifferent painter, whom he wantonly teazed; for when

when the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it very correctly, as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity, whilst the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression, when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture, and make it like what he then saw; and when Garrick perceived that it was thus altered, he seized another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character, which, when the poor tantalized artist perceived, he, in a great rage, threw down his pallet and pencils, saying he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture.

THE following whimsical circumstance is related of Mr. Astley, a fellow pupil with Sir Joshua Reynolds:—Mr. Astley did not excel in genius, but he was a very respectable character in private life. It was the custom of English painters at Rome to make little excursions together in the country; on one of these excursions, on a summer afternoon, when the season was particularly hot, the whole company threw off their coats, as being an incumbrance to them, except poor Astley, who alone shewed great reluctance to take off his: this seemed very unaccountable to his companions, when some jokes made on his singularity at last obliged him to take his coat off also. The mystery was then immediately explained; for it appeared that the hinder part of his waistcoat was made, by way of thriftiness, out of one of his own pictures, and thus displayed a tremendous waterfall on his back, to the great diversion of all the spectators.

THE WRONG GAME.

For playing his cards well, *King Joe* has a name,*
But now finds, too late, he has play'd the wrong game;
To "*Beggar my Neighbour*," he wish'd to sit down,
But Wellington play'd "*Hunt the Knave out of Town.*"

THE HIBERNIAN PAINTER.—A gentleman sat to an artist of this description to have his portrait taken, but begged at the same time that it might be kept a secret. The painting finished, the gentleman or his friends could trace no similarity between it and his physiognomy. The painter, in excusing himself, said, "As he had expressed a wish to keep the circumstance *secret*, he thought it best not to make the portrait too like his customer."

WHEN the late Earl Howe, who was very remarkable for his presence of mind, was Captain of the Magnanime, during a cruise on the coast of France, a heavy gale obliged him to anchor, and depend solely on his ground-tackle. It was on a lee-shore, and the night was extremely dark and tempestuous. Captain Howe, at this time laid up with the gout, was reading in his cabin, when, on a sudden, the Lieutenant of the watch came in, with a countenance fraught with alarm, and said, he was sorry to inform him that the anchors came home. "*They are much in the right of it*," cooly replied the Captain; "*I don't know who could stay out such a night as this.*"

* Joseph Bonaparte is said to be an excellent card-player.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.——*Newmarket First October Meeting*, 1813.—*Tuesday*.—Lord G. H. Cavendish's Merry-go-round, 8st. 9lb. against Lord Sackville's Mulberry, 7st. 8lb. D. M. 300gs. h. ft.

Wednesday.—Lord F. G. Osborne's filly, by Eagle, dam by Gohanna, out of Bustard's dam, agst Sir C. Bunbury's colt, by Young Whiskey, out of Scout's dam, 8st. 7lb. each, T. Y. C. 50gs. h. ft.

Friday.—Lord G H. Cavendish's Bethlem Gaber, 9st. agst Lord Sackville's Young Eagle, 8st. 6lb. T. Y. C. 200gs. h. ft.

Mr. Craven's Tooley, 8st. 12lb. agst the Duke of Grafton's filly, by Selim, out of Rosabella's dam, 7st. 12lb. the first half of Ab. M. 100gs. h. ft.

Second October Meeting, 1813. *Monday*.—The Garden Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.—T. M. M.

	st.	lb.
Lord Foley's Soothsayer	9	7
Lord G. H. Cavendish's Ecleston	8	7
Duke of Grafton's Woeful ..	8	6
Lord Stawell's Cato........	8	4
Mr. Udny's Emily	7	4
Lord Jersey's Orson........	7	4
Lord Foley's Macedonian ..	7	0

Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft.—Ditch Mile.

	st.	lb.
Lord G. H. Cavendish's Cat	8	5
Mr. Lake's Aladdin	7	9
Gen. Gower's Lodona	7	1

Tuesday.—Sweepstakes of 150gs. each, 100gs. ft.—Ab. M.

	st.	lb.
Lord Jersey's Caterpillar....	8	2
Lord Suffield's Hocuspocus..	7	12
Mr. Villiers's Don Cossack..	7	12

Houghton Meeting, 1813.—*Thursday*.—Sir J. Shelley's Phantom, 8st. 12lb. agst Lord Sackville's Lady of the Lake, 7st. 7lb. Ab. M. 200gs.

TENTERDEN RACES.—*To the Editor*.—SIR, Tenterden Races being as yet in their infancy, you will be doing a favour to the sporting part of the world to give publicity to their existence in your interesting Magazine. The races of Tenterden (a beautiful town in Kent, on the borders of that rich, extensive, and fertile track of land, Romney Marsh) commenced on the 21st inst. under the most flattering prospect of fine weather and good sport. Such was the avidity with which the coaches, chaises, &c. were engaged previously to the races, that the greater part of the beauty of Tenterden was, from necessity, immured in waggons. In the morning a Subscription Purse and Plate were run for. The horses entered were—

For the Purse.

Mr. West's ch. g. Ploughboy, 3 yrs old	1	1
Mr. Maxsted's br. f. 3 yrs old	2	2
Mr. Terry's b. m. Hasty, aged	dr.	

Ploughboy and the filly afforded excellent sport.

For the Plate.

Mr. Terry's b. m. Hasty, aged................		1	1
Mr. Butler's b. c. 3 yrs old	0	2	dr.

Mr.

Mr. Weller's b. m. aged ..3 dr.
Mr. Terry's b. f. Enchantress, 4 yrs old........dr.
Mr. Howland's ch. h. Spangley, 5 yrs old ....bolted.

The Stewards declared the first a dead heat; the second was won by Enchantress by half a head only.

In the Afternoon, a Subscription Purse.

Mr. Maxsted's ch. m. Blemish, 3 yrs old........ 1 1
Mr. Tilbee's ch. c. 3 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Waterman's b. g. by Diddler, 4 yrs old ....bolted.
Mr. West's ch. f. Caroline, 4 yrs old .... 0 dr.
Mr. Weller's b. m. aged .. 0 dr.
Mr. Quihampton's ch. m. Simplicity, 4 yrs old ... dr.

Mr. West's filly and Mr. Weller's mare, ran on the wrong side of a post, and were distanced.

A Subscription Plate.

Mr. Terry's b. f. Enchantress, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Tilbee's ch. f. Doubtful, 4 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Butler's b. c. 3 yrs old ..dr.

A good race.

Thursday Morning—The Ladies' Plate.

Mr. D'Aeth's b. m. Slammakin, aged 1 1
Mr. Butler's b. c. John Bull, 3 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Quihampton's ch. m. Simplicity, 6 yrs old .. 3 dr.
Mr. Howland's ch. h. Spangley, 5 yrs old ....bolted.
Mr. Terry's b. f. Enchantress, 4 yrs old ....dr.
Mr. Maxsted's b. c. Chance, 4 yrs old ....dr.

Won easy.

Handicap Plate.

Mr. Quihampton's ch. m. 6 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Weller's b. m. aged .. 2 2
Mr. Waterman's b. g. Obstinacy, 4 yrs old ....bolted.
Mr. Howland's ch. h. 5 yrs old ....bolted.
Mr. Butler's b. c. John Bull, 3 yrs old ....bolted.

There were four bye-matches, which produced considerable amusement.

Upon the whole this Meeting has afforded most excellent sport, and certainly has permanently established the Tenterden Races. Mr. Howland's c. h. and Mr. Waterman's b. g. gave very uniform support to the character of the Diddler produce for bolting. The ordinaries, the ball, and the Theatre, were crowded. A liberal subscription has been entered into, and stewards appointed for the ensuing year.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, Z. Z.

Tenterden, 27th July, 1813.

Ormskirk Cocking.—During the races, a main of cocks was fought between the Gentlemen of Lancashire (Leech, feeder), and the Gentlemen of Cheshire (Woodcock, feeder), for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main, which consisted of 28, and 14 byes.—Statement:—

Leech.	M.	B.	*Woodcock.* M.	B.
Wednesday	4	0	6	4
Thursday	4	1	6	3
Friday	5	4	3	2
	13	5	15	9

Golf.—On Saturday, the 14th inst. an elegant *Dejeuné* was given to the Ladies of Blackheath by the Gentlemen of the Golf Club. The day was most propitious. Three elegant marquees were pitched near the windmills, where tables, sumptuously supplied with every delicacy

cacy of the season, were spread. All the beauty and fashion of the vicinity assembled about two o'clock, and promenaded in front of the marquees, within a circle kept by a party of the East London Militia. The band of the regiment, politely offered by Sir John Eamer, played a variety of airs, and were relieved by the exhilarating sounds of the union-pipe. Different parties of the club, in uniform, pursued their favourite game round the Heath, and at intervals joined the Ladies in the tents. His Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick was present, and after partaking of the amusements of the morning, adjourned, with several naval and military Officers of distinction, the other visitors of the Club, to the Green Man, where an elegant dinner was served up at five o'clock.

ARCHERY.—On Wednesday, the 11th instant, the Darlington Society of gentlemen archers held their meeting, which was attended by all the beauty and fashion in the neighbourhood. The prizes were adjudged as follows:—The Medal to Dr. Peacock, Captain; the Gorget to Mr. W. Stamper, Lieutenant; the Cup to Mr. Porter, Ensign. Dr. Peacock was also Captain of numbers; Mr. Dennison, Lieutenant of numbers.

THE races which have for many years past been held near Taunton, Somerset, are discontinued. The inhabitants of Bridgwater have determined on establishing a race course, and the intention appears likely to be well supported by the neighbouring gentry.

OXFORD RACES, 1814.—For the Gold Cup, first day, there are at present fifteen subscribers.—For the Hunters' Stakes of 10gs. each, second day, at present seven subscribers.—For a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, last day, at present nine subscribers.——The stewards appointed are, the Hon. P. Bertie and Sir Felix Agar, Bart.

BECCLES Races were on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 27th and 28th ult. The course was thronged with company in chariots, landaus, barouches, gigs, &c. The stand was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the county.—On the Wednesday, a poor man had his collar bone broken by a horse taking fright on the race ground, which turned over three gigs filled with company, but fortunately they received no injury.—The main of cocks fought between Suffolk and Norfolk, was won by the latter with considerable odds.

AN accident happened at the Brighton Races, on Monday, the 2d instant. Just as Mr. Richardson's horse Hornsea, had passed the winning-post, in a match with Captain Turner's Caroline, a woman of the name of Smith incautiously attempted to cross the course, when she was rode against by Hornsea, whose rider in vain endeavoured to check him. The result was, that the animal fell, and the unfortunate woman sustained a most serious injury, and now lies with little hopes of recovery; the rider escaped with only a few slight bruises. The horse received so much injury, that on Tuesday he was shot in consequence thereof.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Benson, undertook on Wednesday morning, the 28th ult. for a wager of fifty guineas, to go on foot half an

an hour, and drive half an hour, and to perform the distance of sixteen miles in the hour. The ground fixed on was the Bath road, and the pedestrian did five miles and nearly a quarter in the half hour. He then mounted into a light chaise, drawn by a blood horse, galloped eleven miles in the half hour, and won the match easily.

A GALLOWAY, under twelve hands, the property of Mr. Tebb, trotted sixteen miles within an hour on Wednesday, the 28th ult. on the Beaconsfield road, for a stake of 100 guineas. The animal was rode by a boy, and was brought in in fine style, in three minutes within the given time.

TWO matches, upon which much money was depending, between Mr. Clayton's celebrated bay poney, Twigs, and Mr. Moore's black poney, of Oxton, were decided the latter end of last month, on the road from Nottingham to Melton Mowbray. They started in high style for the first race at six o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the Melton toll-bar, a distance of nearly twenty miles, in one hour and two minutes, Twigs beating his antagonist about twenty yards, and appearing quite fresh. The second race, which was to return home, commenced at half-past two o'clock, and was also won easily by Twigs, in one hour and twenty-eight minutes, the Oxton poney having resigned the contest when about six miles from home.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Mr. Aiken, the pedestrian, started from the Surrey side of Westminster-bridge, at twelve o'clock on Saturday morning, the 31st ult. to go to a spot near Ashford, Kent, and return, the distance being one hundred and eight miles in twenty-four hours, for two hundred guineas. He did thirteen miles in the first two hours, and he arrived at Wrotham Heath, twenty-five miles, in four, where he took refreshment of cold chicken and wine. He went on at a slower rate, and arrived at half his journey in less than ten hours. He halted three quarters of an hour, and then went back to Larkfield (twenty-four miles), at the rate of less than five miles an hour. On his arrival near Farningham, eighteen miles from his journey's end, he had more than four hours to spare, but he was much fatigued, and did only three miles the next hour. He recovered himself, however, and won the match by nine minutes. It is as great a task as any on pedestrian record, considering the ground was not chosen, but hilly.

Another attempt at the Barclay match was made for two hundred guineas, in Cornwall, on the 20th ult. James Fenwick, a grazier, having backed himself to go the thousand miles in a thousand successive hours. He started on the 1st instant, and resigned on Tuesday, the 10th instant, being unable to proceed from lameness.

Saturday morning, the 7th instant, a singular race took place in Hyde Park, between Mr. Holt, of Oxford-road, and Mr. Buckle, of Park-street; the former was to run fifty yards, and carry a man weighing 14st. on his back, while the latter ran one hundred yards. The race was won by the former, to the no small surprise of the spectators, he being a slender, middle-aged, and apparently weak man.

Mr.

Mr. Pettitt, a tradesman, at Deal, undertook, for a considerable wager, on Friday night, the 9th instant, to go nine miles on the turnpike-road within an hour.—He started at half-past seven in the evening, and completed his task twenty-seven minutes past eight, being three minutes within the given time, apparently considerably oppressed with the exercise. He went the first four miles in twenty-two minutes.

On Tuesday, the 6th instant, Mr. Colledge, surgeon, of March, undertook, for a wager of 20l. to go forty miles in twelve hours. He started at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the seventh mile-stone from Wisbeach, and went to the second mile-stone from the same place, making a distance of five miles; this ground he traversed four times, and completed his task without any refreshment, in nine hours and 55 minutes.

Rainer, of pedestrian celebrity, attended Tenterden races, and undertook for a considerable wager to go eighteen miles in two hours, which he performed on the 24th ult. on the race course there.—Rainer is so much pleased with this course, that it is understood he intends running in September upon this ground, being under an engagement to go 100 miles in 18 successive hours.

Mr. Acres, a pedestrian of note, went five miles, on Hounslow Heath, in two minutes under half an hour, on Tuesday, the 17th, for a wager of 50 guineas, play or pay.

Wrestling. — Exeter Grand Wrestling Match commenced on Wednesday morning, the 11th inst. and was not concluded until late on Thursday (by torch light). The first day's prize was won by Thorn, of Widdecombe in the Moor; the second day by Robert Cann, of Colebrooke. Thorn, alias *Young Sampson*, is one of the finest Herculanean figures ever seen; he is only twenty years of age, stands nearly six feet, limbs large and well proportioned, and such are his uncommon powers of strength, that in the course of another year, when he shall have acquired a little more science, few men will be found capable of entering the lists against him. There was a number of capital players from different parts of the county. Several thousand spectators were present on each day, and such continued good play, and well contested matches, were, perhaps, never witnessed on any former occasion.

The *amateurs* of bull-baiting enjoyed a high treat on Tuesday, the 20th ult. at St. George's Clist, near Exeter.—A young bull of great game, made play for no less than nine-and-twenty dogs, many of which evinced astonishing bottom; of these, a small black one, suffered its entrails to be trodden out by the maddened beast, and endured the greatest tortures, with the fortitude of an Indian warrior devoted to death; never quitting its hold, till it was taken off at last by force.

Fatal Pugilism.—A desperate battle took place on Wednesday, the 4th instant, at the village of Ford, near Marshfield, Gloucestershire, between two blacksmiths, of the name of Whale and Moon; after fighting upwards of an hour, the former received a violent blow in the neck, which terminated the affray and his mortal career! He

 died

died in a short time after being taken from the ground.

The Donkey's Revenge.—A *Coster-monger*, who was selling fruit about the Strand, on Saturday, the 14th instant, was *amusing* himself with inflicting upon his *long-eared brother* many severe blows on the back and sides, without any apparent cause; when the worried animal suddenly kicked up behind, and knocked out several teeth of his tormentor, to the great gratification of many persons who witnessed the scene.

The following circumstances should operate as a caution against keeping stallion mules after a very young period of their age. An animal of this description lately attacked R. W. Missing, Esq. of Postbrook Cottage, Hants, with the greatest ferocity, though it was in harness and attached to a waggon load of corn, in the harvest field. Mr. M. was standing both silently and quietly near the animal, doing nothing to expect its anger, when it reared up and seized Mr. M. by the left hand, tore it very much, and bit the bone of the thumb short off, leaving it suspended only by the skin on one side. Mr. M. struck the animal a most violent blow on the nose, with his right hand, at the moment that he seized hold of the left, or the consequences might have been of the most fatal description.

A very valuable horse, belonging to Richard Tawney, Esq. of Dunchurch, near Rugby, in the county of Warwick, was maliciously poisoned some nights since, in the grounds adjoining his house. A reward is offered for the detection of the perpetrator of so foul a crime.

On the 9th instant, J. Boreham, a dog-*dealer*, was charged at Marlborough-street Police Office, with being likewise a dog-*stealer*, a fine Newfoundland dog, the property of a gentleman at Bayswater, being found in his possession. Not being able to account for the way he came by it, he was committed to prison for six months, in default of paying a fine of 30l.

Two glandered horses brought for sale to the last Doncaster fair, were seized by the police officers, and the disease being clearly ascertained before the Mayor, by a veterinary surgeon, they were both ordered to be destroyed.—It has for some time been the practice among the *pepper-gang*, when one of them has succeeded in selling a glandered horse, for another, an accomplice, pretending to be a stranger, to make a discovery of the disease, and induce the disappointed purchaser to dispose of him for a mere trifle, by which means he again comes into their possession for another market.

On Thursday, the 5th instant, a woodcock was shot in Gatcomb Wood in Somersetshire, by the gamekeeper of P. Shepherd, Esq.

The duel, or rather the scuffle, in which the Baron De Stael lately lost his life, was provoked by a dispute at a billiard table. After some abusive language mutually interchanged between the disputants, they drew, and the young Baron received a violent cut behind the left ear from his antagonist, which brought him to the ground, and in a minute he expired.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE POACHER'S HUT.

APPROACH, and through the unlatticed window peep,
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;
Sunk mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are done.
Loaded and primed, and prompt for desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand,
While round the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.
His pilfered powder in yon nook he hoards,
And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
That, while his sermon's dry, his walls are wet.)
The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net, are there,
Doe-hides, pheasant-plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare.
Barter'd for game from chace or warren won,
Yon cask holds moonlight,* run when moon was none;
And late-snatch'd spoils lie stow'd n hutch apart,
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his palate foul, and mark his rest:
What scenes perturb'd are acting in his breast!
His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,
And his dilated nostril toils in vain,
For short and scant the breath each effort draws,
And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.
Beyond the loose and sable neck-cloth stretch'd
His sinewy throat seems by convulsions twitch'd,
While the tongue faulters, as to utterance loath,
Sounds of dire import—watch-word, threat, and oath.
Though stupified by toil, and drugg'd by gin,
The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismay'd.—

"Was that wild start of terror and despair,
Those bursting eye-balls, and that wilder'd air,
Signs of compunction for a murdered hare?
Do the locks bristle and the eye-balls arch,

* A cant name for smuggled spirits.

For

For grouse or partridge massacred in March ?"

No, scoffer, no! Attend, and mark with awe,
There is no wicket in the gate of law!
He, that would e'er so slightly set ajar
That awful portal, must undo each bar;
Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
Will join to storm the breach, and force the barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black Ned,
Was Edward Mansell once;—the lightest heart,
That ever play'd on holiday his part!
The leader he in every Christmas game,
The harvest feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,
When Edward named the tune and led the dance.
Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;
And if he loved a gun, his father swore,
"'Twas but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had done the same, some thirty years before."

But he whose humours spurn law's awful yoke,
Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke.
The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown, who robs the warren, or excise,
With sterner felons train'd to act more dread,
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled,
Then, as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw,
Their hope impunity, their fear the law;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
Till the baulked revenue, or pilfered game,
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villainy, and direr deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades along,
And oft the owl renew'd her dismal song;
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectre walked his midnight round.
When o'er the swamp he casts his blighting look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook
The bittern's sullen shout the edges shook!
The waning moon with storm-presaging gleam,
Now gave, and now witheld her doubtful beam,
The old oak stooped his arms, then flung them high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky;
'Twas then, that, couched amid the brushwood sere,
In Malwood-walk young Mansell watch'd the deer:
The fattest buck received his deadly shot--
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife,
O'erpowered at length the outlaw drew his knife!
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—
The rest his waking agony may tell!

DICKY GOSSIP AND HIS FRIEND SAMUEL.

A True Story.

ONE evening DICKY GOSSIP, rather groggy,
Staggering and reeling home quite full of glee,
Encountering now and then a post he could not see,
Because his sight was dim, the weather foggy.
But why his sight was dim I must explain,
(But sure digression's something out of season)
There is a certain prudent dame, called Reason,
Which holds her seat of empire in the brain.

But,

But, lo! it happens now and then,
To Shavers as to other men,
With stomachs overcharg'd with beer and grog,
From hence, just like a still, the spirit rises
In vapours to the head—the Dame surprises—
Enveloping the Lady in a fog.

But to return;—poor DICKY reel'd along,
He hickup'd now, and now belch'd forth a song,
In truth, not fam'd for melody or metre;
Paced on in geometrical progression,
New problems forming in his wide digression,
With outstretch'd arms, and folly in each feature.

And no great harm, if this were all,
But oftentimes he caught a fall,
And oaths and curses pour'd forth like a flood;
'Till after rolling, struggling, kicking, flouncing,
Blundering on this side, then on that side bouncing,
He rose, at length, quite plaister'd o'er with mud.

Soon he reel'd onward, not a whit dismay'd,
Now moving forward, and now retrograde,
Not thinking he of razor, strop, or hone;
'Till after many a lab'ring, weary stride,
His eyes encounter'd, just on the road side,
Placed there to tell the miles—a stately stone.

Struck with astonishment, he stopp'd his pace,
And tears of joy hiss'd down his fiery face;
At length approach'd, and growing a little bolder,
He blubber'd out (but first he gave a d—n)
"If yonder is not stood my old friend SAM;
Do, SAMUEL, let me lean upon thy shoulder.

"Lord! SAM, I'm glad to see thee—faith I be—
I know no man I'd sooner meet than thee;
Friend SAMUEL—curse these hiccups—how dost do?
I want to sleep, don't let me be molested."
Then squatting down against the milestone, rested;
Knowing his dear friend SAMUEL *firm* and true.

After much sputtering, muttering, and palaver,
In leaden slumber sunk the wearied shaver,
Regardless he, poor soul! of wind or weather;
There rested he until the morning broke,
When some, who passing by, had heard the joke,
Discover'd DICKY and his friend together.

LOVE ON ROSES.

"Canto della Fior Regina!"

FROM PSYCHE fled, in Paphian bowers,
By Myrtle (sacred fence!) inclos'd,
Breathing delights, 'mid vernal flowers,
Love, redolent of joy, repos'd.—

On roses slept the beauteous boy,
The Rose his tender cheek imprest:
Like orient beams, the fragrant joy
In *blushing tints* her power exprest.

Enamour'd of her blooming guest,
With ev'ry charm she conscious strove
To win him from his PSYCHE's breast,
And make her bow'r th' abode of Love!

Woo'd by the Rose, unheeded flew
The golden Hours on silent wing:
Stern Winter came, Love made adieu,
But fondly vow'd return in Spring.

Scented by Love's delicious breath,
The Rose her empire *hence* obtains—
Love's balmy sighs preserves in death—
And Love the Rose's hue retains.

THE SAILOR'S HOME.

WHEN riding on the mountain wave,
The dauntless sailor ever brave,
A noble mind displays;
He laughs at danger, smiles on fate,
And risks his life to save his mate,
Nor sordid fear betrays;

For

For well he knows, whate'er his doom,
The ocean is the sailor's home.

And when on shore 'mid needy friends,
His generous soul its succour lends
To cheer their hapless lot,
When call'd from pleasure's luring train
To brave the hardships of the main,
He flies and murmurs not.
For well he knows, whate'er his doom,
The ocean is the sailor's home.

In fight, where death terrific sways,
The sailor cheerfully obeys,
Where'er by duty call'd,
Tho' round him wounded messmates lie,
And tears of pity dim his eye,
He never stands appall'd.
For well he knows, whate'er his doom,
The ocean is the sailor's home.

ANGLING.

TO TAKE THE TROUT AND EEL.

(From a rare volume entitled The Secrets of Angling, Lond. 1652, 12mo.)

NOW see some standing where the streame doth fall
With headlong course, behind the sturdy weer,
That overthwart the river, like a wall,
The water stops, and strongly up doth bear,
And at the tailes of mills and arches small,
Whereas the shoot is swift and not too clear,
The line in length not twice above an eel,
But with good store of lead and twisted well.

Round handsome hooks that will not break nor bend,
The big red worme well scoured is their bait,
Which down unto the bottom doth descend;
Whereas the trout and eel doth lie in wait,
And to their feeding busily intend,
Which when they see, they snatch and swallow straight.
Upon their lines is neither cork nor quill;
But when they feel them pluck, then strike they still.

FOR THE DACE.

Then look whereas that poplar gray doth grow,
Hard by the same where one doth closely stand,
And with the winde his hooke and bait doth throw
Amid the stream, with slender hazell wand,
Whereas he sees the dace themselves do show,
His eye is quick, and ready is his hand;
And when the fish doth rise to catch the baite,
He presently doth strike, and takes her straight.

O world's deceit! how are we thrall'd by thee,
That doest thy gall in sweetest pleasures hide!
When most we think in happiest state to be,
Then do we soonest into danger slide.
Behold the fish that even now was free,
Unto the deadly hooke how he is tide:
So vaine delights allure us to the snare,
Wherein unwares we fast intangled are.

RACING EXTRAORDINARY.

WHAT are wonders long past, which the old women tell ye,
Of a whale who was caught with a church in his belly,
While the steeple peep'd out at the top of his throttle;
Or the conjuring rogue who jump'd into a bottle?

For in these days of wonder to make the folks stare,
Pedestrians have started of speed truly rare;
But though in their paces confessedly good,
They are conquer'd, tho' strange it may seem, by *A. Wood!*

J. M. LACEY.